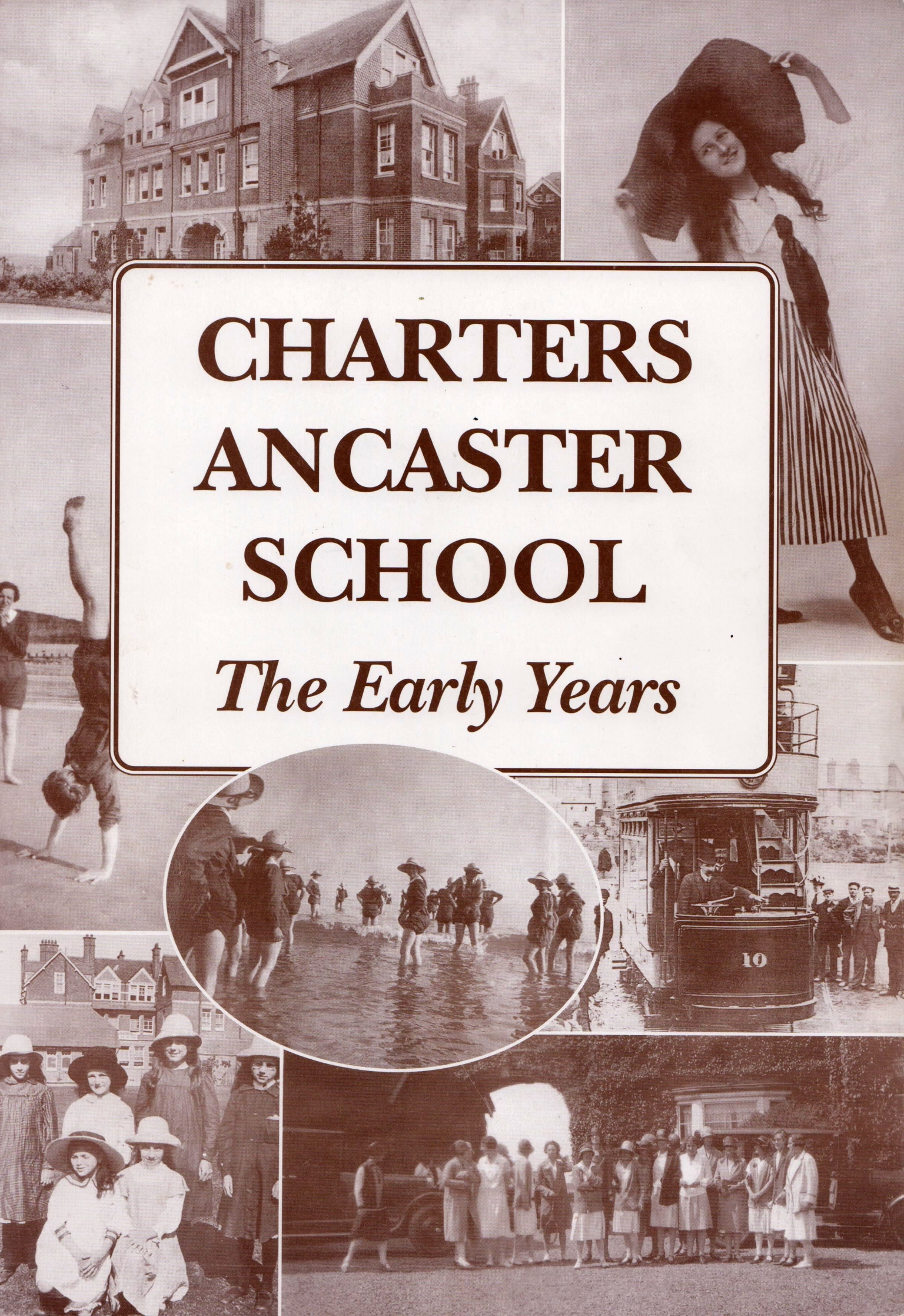


CHARTERS ANCASTER SCHOOL

The Early Years

Foreword

Many of you reading this "History" may well be disappointed that it only extends to 1953, that there is no mention of Charters Towers and that there are no photographs of *your* years.

May I ask you to think of it more in terms of a History of a Site and of an Inheritance. Whatever our connections with the Penland Road site, and during whichever years, the school that the Burrows family began there, was *our* inheritance. Every generation has this fact in common. I hope that in the reading of these pages and in looking at these wonderful old photographs, you will come to appreciate the quality of those early years and to feel that indeed succeeding generations inherited something of unusual depth and quality.

All the material used in this History has been pieced together from the School Archives. Doubtless many of you will have more information and certainly many will have memories to add. These and the years after 1953 await the telling.

The School Archive has been transferred to the safe keeping of the East Sussex County Record Office at Lewes and will be made available for research to anyone who has a legitimate claim and interest.

My grateful thanks go to Claudine White who spent so many hours helping me to research and to Meg Beckett for her help and advice with publication.

Marguerita Young - *Editor*

Photographs of Trams and Railway courtesy of Bexhill Museum

Produced by - **Origin - 01424 756527**

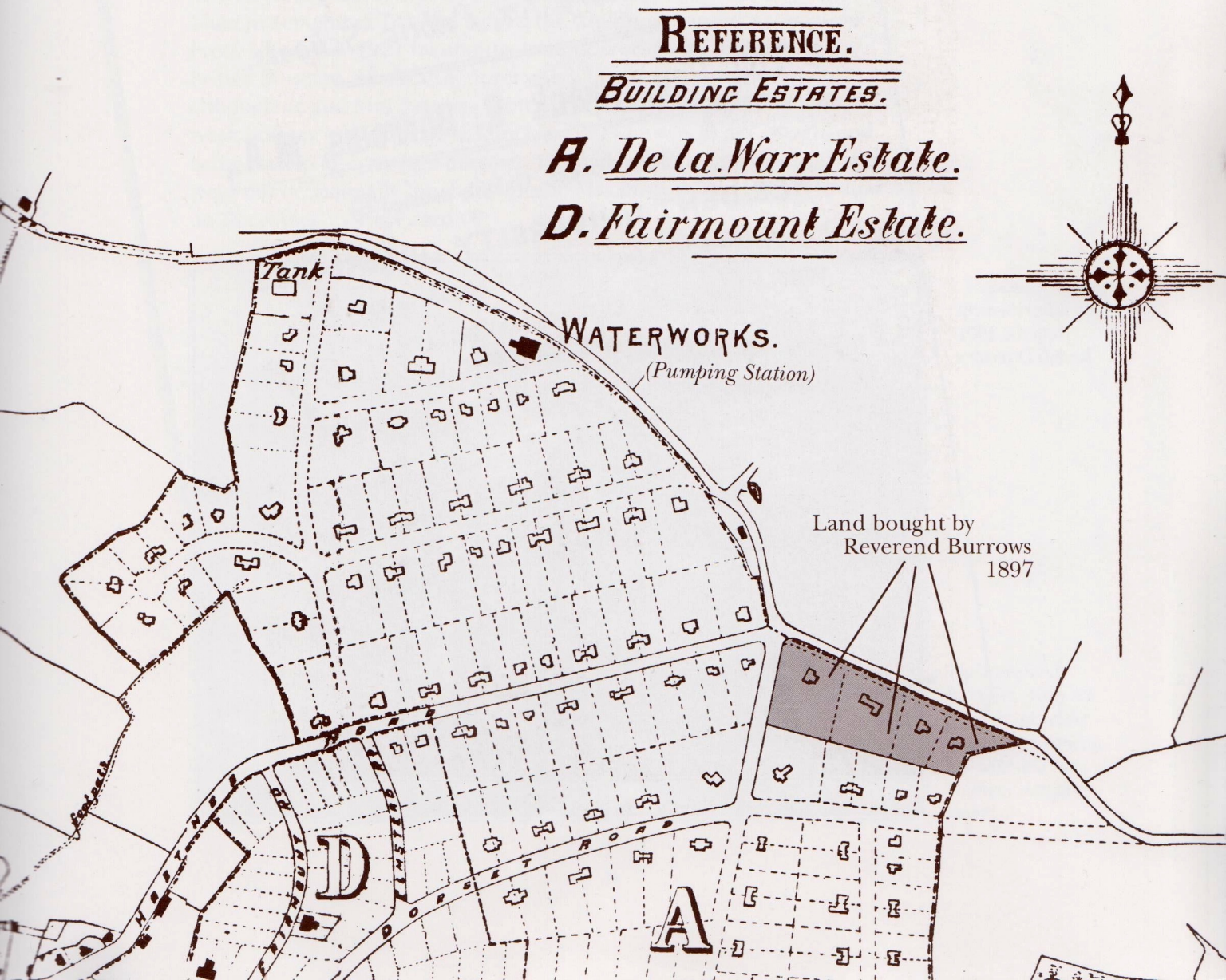
Theodosia Burrows

Founder of Ancaster House School for Girls

The Beginning 1898 - 1906

This 1887 Downsborough's map of Bexhill shows the De La Warr Estate parcelled up into plots, ready for sale. The Reverend Frank Burrows bought nearly four acres of this land along the Hastings Road for £4,000. The local Planning Department Records dating from 1895 show that application 753 was made on 5 April 1898, by the Reverend Burrows, to build a house on the corner of Upper Dorset Road and Hastings Road and that the architects were Jeffrey and Skiller. It was the intention of the Reverend Burrows to transfer his "Gentlemen's College" from numbers 1 and 2 Charles Road, St Leonards, to this new site where there would be room for playing fields. The Hastings Directories record that between 1884 and 1894 a Mrs E Booty lived at numbers 1 and 2 Charles Road, that she ran a boys' school and that it was called Ancaster House! In 1895 however the same directories record The Reverend Frank Burrows as living at this address and running a "Gentlemen's College".

Also living there was a Mrs E Burrows. There is no record of them at this address after 1898.



Dorset-road (Upper).

Leading from De La Warr Road to Hastings Road.

RIGHT HAND.

Building land
Ebor School in course of erection for Brown, A. J. H., B.A., L.C.P.
Ancaster House School in course of erection for Burrows, Rev. F. R.

LEFT HAND.

Elmstead Road.

Houses in course of erection
Building land.

This extract from the Bexhill Directory records Ancaster House actually under construction

ANCASTER HOUSE,

HASTINGS ROAD,

- - BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

Preparatory for Public Schools.

The Rev. Frank R. Burrows, M.A.,

Trinity College, Oxford, assisted by

RESIDENT UNIVERSITY GRADUATES,

Receives boys from the ages of 7 to 15, to prepare for

SCHOLARSHIP AND ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS, AND FOR THE ROYAL NAVY.

ANCASTER HOUSE was built for a School, with all Modern Improvements in Sanitary Arrangements and Ventilation. It stands on its own large Playing Field, beautifully situated on high ground, with extensive views of sea and land.

Reference kindly permitted to—The Viceroy of India, The Right Hon. W. St. John Brodrick, M.P., The Hon. and Ven. Dean of Ripon, Sir Robert H. Collins, K.C.B., Rev. Thomas Field, M.D., Warden, Radley, and others.

An advertisement from the 1901 Bexhill Directory

Reverend Frank Burrows

Who was this man without whom there would never have been a school on the Bexhill site?

The Reverend Burrows was born in 1856, the only son of Edward Hollis and Isabella Burrows and educated at Blackheath Proprietary School and Trinity College, Oxford where he was first Secretary and then President of the Union. He gained an M A and became an FRGS. His first curacy was at St. Luke's Church, Old Charlton in S E London, where he is buried, along with his father and mother who died in 1888 and 1911 respectively. His second was at Blackheath Hill. He worked among the unemployed of Greenwich and was sent by the Bishop of Rochester to build the church of St Barnabas for Dockyard employees at Chatham. He was a personal friend and helper of Dr Barnardo. After the closure of his own schools in Hastings and Bexhill, it appears he did do some teaching in the newly established girls' school run by his wife, his subjects being Geography, History, and English Literature. He is quoted as being a "brilliant" teacher of Literature. He was a writer too.
During the first World War, from September 1917 to March 1918 he worked at the Central Prisoners of War Committee Room in London, part of the Department of Civilian Prisoners in Germany. In April 1919 he went to the Church Army Information Bureau at Victoria Station. Then in September 1919 he helped the Children's Invalid Association. From November 1922 for about a term he worked on research in the British Museum. His health, never good, began to deteriorate and although he and Mrs Burrows went to Knocke, in Belgium, for a five week holiday in October 1923, by May 1924 he was ill at Cottages and being looked after by Mrs Burrows. He read much during this time and went out occasionally for short rides in Mrs Burrows' car, Jock. He died on December 13 1924 aged 68.

The Reverend Burrows, with left to right, his elder daughter, Frances, his wife and his younger daughter Isabel.

When the Reverend Burrows' health deteriorated he turned his Boys' School over to his wife who opened it as a boarding school for girls in 1906. She is listed as the Principal,whilst her eldest daughter Frances, aged twenty, became the Headmistress. Her second daughter Isabel also taught in the school.

The following extract from the 1906 Bexhill Directory shows how many schools there were in Bexhill to compete with Mrs Burrows' Ancaster house, and how many were in the immediate neighbourhood of Hastings and Dorset Roads.

(Ladies)

Ancaster House, Upper Dorset and Hastings roads. Principal, Mrs. F. R. Burrows
ASCHAM HOUSE SCHOOL, 3, Woodville road. Principal, Miss Chaffer
Auckland House, De La Warr road. Principal, Miss White
Caius House, Bolebrooke road. Principals, the Misses Hutt and Currie (and kindergarten)
Eversley, Eversley road. Principals, Mrs. and Miss Hamilton
Fairhaven, 62, Lower Sea road. Principal, Miss Brandford Griffith
Gelston, Upper Dorset road. Principals, the Misses Walton
Halifax House, Cantelupe road. Principals, the Misses Hansell
Home School for Young Ladies, 14, Egerton road. Principal, Miss Victoria Couldery
Hughenden, Lower Station road. Principal, Miss Behr
Lindum House, Hastings road. Principal, Miss C. M. Richardson, B.A.
Peradeniya, 10, Linden road. Principal, Miss Mills (preparatory school)
Northcote House, De La Warr road. Principals, Misses Brown and Boyt
Preparatory School, Moreland House, 4, Albany road. Principal, Mrs. W. Neighbour
St. Anthony's School, 7, Wickham avenue. Principals, the Sisters of Providence
St. Bernards, Hastings road. Principals, the Misses Miller
St. Hilary's, Hastings road. Principal, Miss K. Johnson
St. Ives, De La Warr road. Principal, Miss F. A. Jutsum
Templemore Day School, Cranfield road. Principals, the Sisters of Providence
The Beehive, Lower Dorset road. Principal, Miss Browning

A Mother and Daughter Partnership

Who were these two women who created such a remarkable school?

Mrs Burrows and daughter Frances

Mrs Frank Burrows

Mrs Burrows in House garden c. 1912

Mrs Burrows was born Theodosia Agatha Lily Martin in 1859 in Ireland. She never went to school but was educated by private governesses as was the custom in Ireland then, although she went to Alexandra College, Dublin "to finish." She married the Reverend Frank Burrows at Portrush in 1883 and they had three children: Hollis born in 1884, Frances 1885 and Isabel in 1886.
Theodosia Burrows planned and designed the building on the corner of Upper Dorset Road and Hastings Road, which was opened as her husband's Boys' School in 1898. She herself laid the foundation stone.
When she became the Principal of the school in her own right in 1906 she did everything from a little teaching to being housekeeper, matron, letter writer, gardener, chicken keeper

This postcard shows the original school building with a central flower bed and circular drive in front of the House

Mrs Burrows - April 1927

and chief mower of the lawns. She relieved her two daughters in the evenings and weekends by reading and sewing with the girls and by taking them for long crocodile walks. When Ancaster Gate was opened in 1917 she moved into it to supervise the youngest pupils. Cottages, built in 1920, became another house for her and it was well used by her ever growing family of grand children, cousins and other relations. Mrs Burrows kept in touch with this large family all her life. She was a very active woman and despite being ill with bronchial trouble almost every year, she seems never to have refused help to the local community. During the First World War she headed a movement to buy war bonds for aeroplanes. In 1921 she helped to raise money for the new Bexhill Hospital. By November 1922 she was a Guardian of the Poor at Battle and Bexhill workhouses. She became involved in a community project to build "Industrial Houses" for the poor, having first visited the prototype at Shirley near Croydon. She travelled a lot either by herself to Ireland, or in the company of her elder daughter, Frances, to the Continent or on cruises. Occasionally she, with Mr Burrows, went to Knocke in Belgium to visit relations. In 1926 she retired from the school and went to live in Borodale, the house she had had built in Whitehill Avenue. Here came all her family on visits and all Old Girls of the school were always welcome. It was open house!

She developed a heart condition in her last years and died on 7 October, 1933. The trees in Crowmere Avenue and those lining each side of the drive to Bexhill Hospital were planted by Frances Burrows in memory of her mother.

Mrs Burrows' grave in Bexhill cemetery, where she is buried alongside her son, Hollis.

Frances Henrietta Burrows

Headmistress of Ancaster House for 46 years

Frances Burrows was born in 1886, the second child of Frank and Theodosia. When her father bought the land for his school in Bexhill Frances was 13 and was probably at school at Trebovir House in Queen's Gate, London, for she was certainly there in 1902 when she was seventeen. In 1904 and 1905 she was at St Cuthbert's, Southbourne near Bournemouth. Below are the photographs of her in a school play and in the Cricket team at St Cuthbert's.

'As you like it' - Frances is second from the left playing Touchstone

Wicket keeper Frances S.C.S. 1905 Cricket XI

When her mother opened Ancaster House as a boarding school in 1906, Frances then aged 20 became its Headmistress. Years later, in 1936, Frances was to say of that time –

"Thirty years ago one of the sweetest, most lovable and courageous women in the world, with little to help her beyond two young daughters (one of whom wanted to be a school mistress and the other who didn't, but was ready to oblige!) launched this small craft, for it *was* a very small and frail craft in those far off days. Owing to her (Theodosia's) indomitable spirit, unlimited energy and never failing gift of seeing the funny side of things and making other people to see it too, and laugh with her, and to her goodness of heart and sincerity of purpose, what might have been a very perilous and anxious enterprise was, in spite of some tough knocks, a thoroughly happy and memorable experience for all those who lived through those pioneer years."

'Very Busy'
Frances and Isabel
in their study - 1909

Both Frances and her sister Isabel were Amateur Dramatics enthusiasts and throughout her years as Head mistress Frances wrote, directed and took part in school productions. Both sisters were keen hockey players and belonged to the South Saxons Hockey Club in St Leonards. Isabel records: "We belonged to a very good Ladies Hockey Club and we played for the County of Sussex, which was great fun. Our skirts had to be five inches off the ground but this was far too short to travel about in, so we all wore an ordinary skirt over ours till we got to any playing fields."

Isabel Burrows in fancy dress c. 1906

Here is a picture of the county teams.
Frances is 6th from the left in the second row

Frances shared with her mother a sense of mission and this was to build a school of high moral purpose and principles, family orientated and unified. She was from the start, responsible for the academic education of the girls whilst her mother saw to the housekeeping. Frances had a fine grasp of finance and would not undertake expansion until she could see a clear way to paying for it.

Frances Burrows in 1927

In Guide Commissioners Uniform

Always active in Bexhill affairs Frances formed a Girl Guides Division in Bexhill with Ancaster House strongly represented at all times. In 1927 she became Divisional Commissioner.

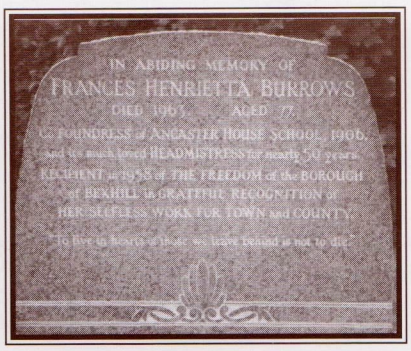
Ancaster House played host to many a Guide activity

Frances Burrows in Civic Dress

In January 1930 she was elected Town Councillor for Sackville Ward, a position she held for eleven years. She was made Alderman in 1937. From 1937 to 1940 she was Chairman of Bexhill Education Committee. Keenly interested in public welfare she was responsible for sponsoring several housing schemes in the town, to meet the demands of affordable accommodation. St Patrick's Crescent and Crowmere Avenue were built largely at her prompting. She also built twenty cottages and flats in Wrestwood Road for retired nurses and school teachers. When the school was evacuated to Buscot Park during World War Two she left the Council, but on returning to Bexhill in 1945 she was elected to East Sussex County Council to represent Bexhill. Again, she served on the Education Committee. She became a governor of Bexhill Grammar School for girls and of the Downs School and was a chairman of the Bexhill Independent Schools Association. She retired as Headmistress in 1953 and took the title of Warden. She lived at a house called Little Pebsham not far from the school. In 1957 she became a Freeman of the Borough in a ceremony attended by town, education and student representatives. At the ceremony she was described as "one of the most able women to have taken part in Bexhill's public affairs."

Frances receiving her Freeman's Honour

She died after a long illness in August 1963 aged 77 and was buried with civic honours in Bexhill Cemetery. Her grave and that of her mother and brother are within sight of one another.


IN ABIDING MEMORY OF
FRANCES HENRIETTA BURROWS
DIED 1963 AGED 77
CO-FOUNDRESS of ANCASTER HOUSE SCHOOL 1906
and its much loved HEADMISTRESS for nearly 50 years
RECIPIENT in 1957 of THE FREEDOM of the BOROUGH
of BEXHILL in GRATEFUL RECOGNITION of
HER SLEEPLESS WORK FOR TOWN and COUNTY

The Early Years 1906 - 1912

The following photograph shows the original building known as Ancaster House or House for short. There was a pear shaped flower bed in the middle of the drive, around which carriages drove. Isabel Burrows records that when she married in the Easter holiday of 1911 her carriage, drawn by white horses swept round this drive. Opposite the Hall door of House there were two tennis courts.

To the right of this picture can just be seen Beacon, later to be bought by Miss Burrows

The Tennis Courts c. 1909

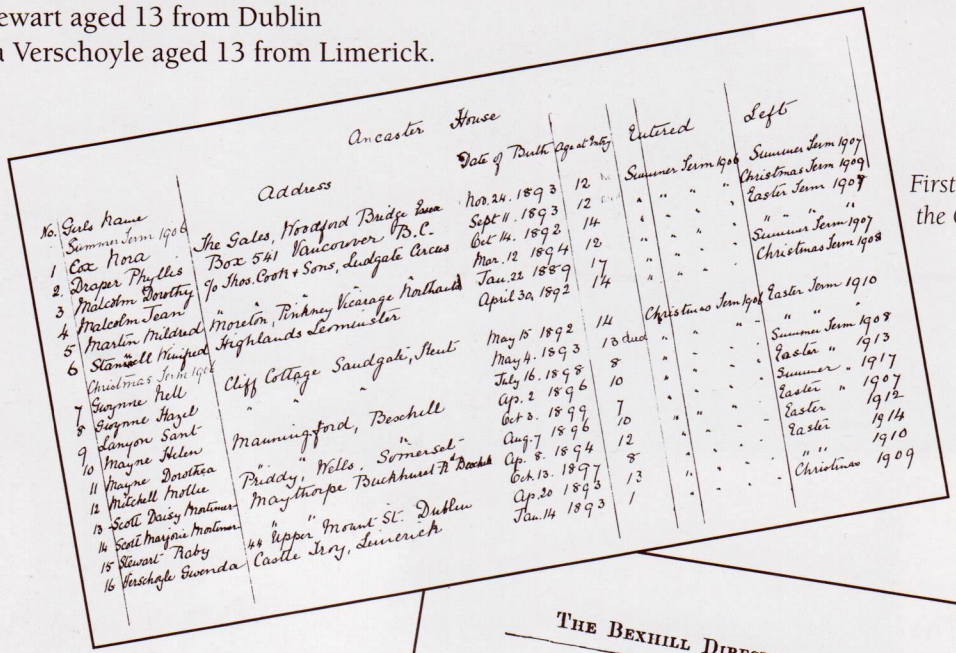
Lawn Tennis c. 1909

The school opened in the Summer Term of 1906 with six girls. They were:

Nora Cox aged 12 from Essex
Phyllis Draper aged 12 from Vancouver BC
Dorothy Malcolm aged 14 from London
Jean Malcolm aged 12 from London
Mildred Moreton Martin aged 17 from Northampton
Winifred Stanuell aged 14 from Leominster

The Register, kept from 1906 shows that the girls came from a wide area. Some came as a result of the efforts of Mrs Burrows' son, Hollis, who was a subaltern in the Indian army. He introduced the school, run by his mother and sisters, to his fellow officers and other overseas friends. From the beginning Ancaster House was very much a family affair. The Burrows' motto "TOGETHER" became the School motto and girls were taught that for eight months of the year Ancaster House was their second home. They also adopted the Shamrock for their crest.

By the end of 1906 there were sixteen girls. They were, in addition to the original six:-
Nell Gwynne aged 14 from Kent
Hazel Gwynne aged 12 from Kent
Sant Lanyon aged 8 from Kent
Helen Mayne aged 10 from Bexhill
Dorothea Mayne aged 7 from Bexhill
Mollie Mitchell aged 10 from Somerset
Daisy Scott Mortimer aged 12 from Bexhill
Marjorie Scott Mortimer aged 8 from Bexhill
Raby Stewart aged 13 from Dublin
Gwenda Verschoyle aged 13 from Limerick.

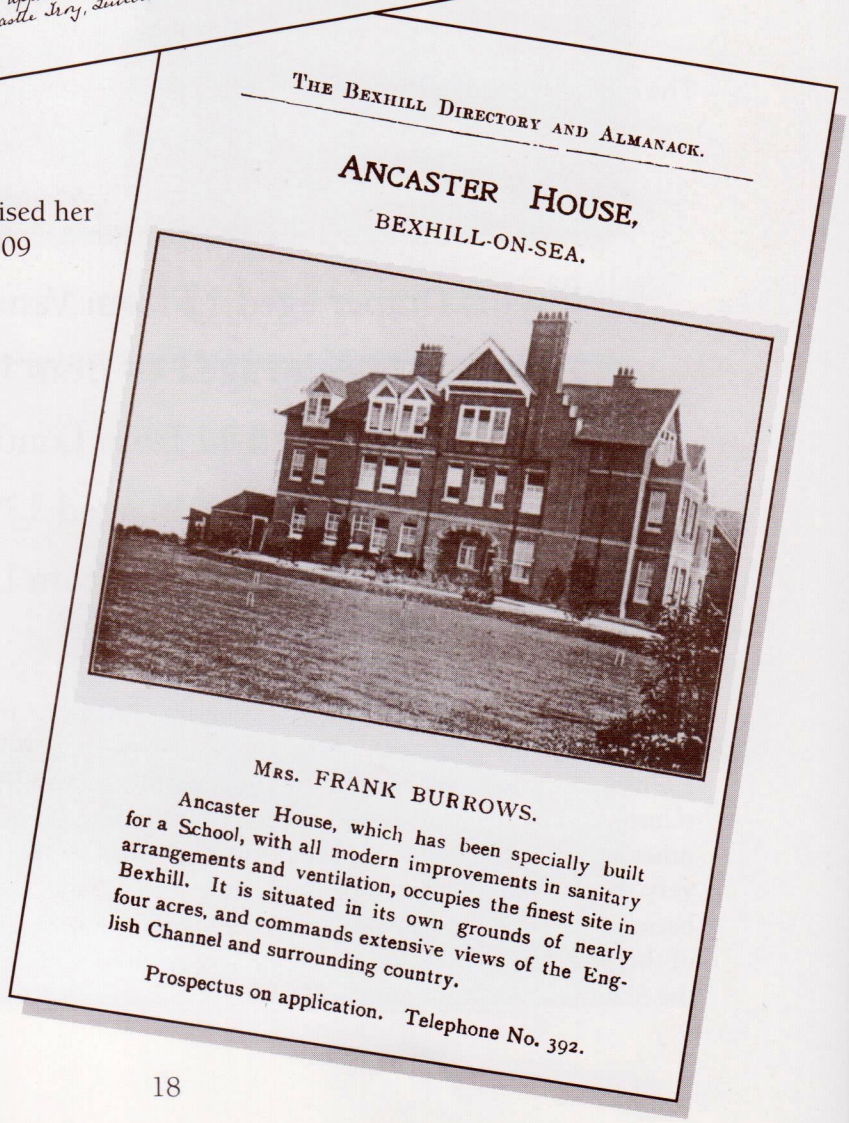


Ancaster House

No.	Girls Name	Address	Date of Birth	Age at Entry	Entered	Left
	Summer Term 1906				Summer Term 1906	Summer Term 1907
1	Cox Nora	The Gales, Woodland Bridge Essex	Nov. 24. 1893	12	" " "	Christmas Term 1909
2	Draper Phyllis	Box 541 Vancouver B.C.	Sept. 11. 1893	12	" " "	Easter Term 1907
3	Malcolm Dorothy	c/o Thos. Cook & Sons, Ludgate Circus	Oct. 14. 1892	14	" " "	" " "
4	Malcolm Jean	"	Mar. 12 1894	12	" " "	Summer Term 1907
5	Martin Mildred	Moreton, Pinkney Vicarage Malmesbury	Jan. 22 1889	17	" " "	Christmas Term 1908
6	Stansell Winifred	Highlands Leominster	April 30, 1892	14	" " "	
	Christmas Term 1906				Christmas Term 1906	Easter Term 1910
7	Gwynne Nell	Cliff Cottage Sandgate, Kent	May 15 1892	14	" " "	" " "
8	Gwynne Hazel	"	May 4. 1893	13	" " "	Summer Term 1908
9	Lanyon Sant	"	July 16. 1898	8	" " "	Easter " 1913
10	Mayne Helen	Manningford, Beechill	Aug. 2 1896	10	" " "	Easter " 1917
11	Mayne Dorothea	"	Oct. 3. 1899	7	" " "	Summer " 1907
12	Mitchell Mollie	Priddy, Wells, Somerset	Aug. 7 1896	10	" " "	Easter " 1907
13	Scott Daisy Mortimer	Maythorpe Buckhurst Hill Essex	Apr. 8. 1894	12	" " "	Easter 1912
14	Scott Marjorie Mortimer	"	Oct. 13. 1897	8	" " "	Easter 1914
15	Stewart Raby	44 Upper Mount St. Dublin	Apr. 20 1893	13	" " "	Easter 1910
16	Verschoyle Gwenda	Castle Ivy, Limerick	Jan. 14 1893	1	" " "	" " 1910
						Christmas 1909

First page of the Original Register

Mrs Burrows of course advertised her school as this entry for the 1909 directory shows.



THE BEXHILL DIRECTORY AND ALMANACK.

ANCASTER HOUSE,

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

MRS. FRANK BURROWS.

Ancaster House, which has been specially built for a School, with all modern improvements in sanitary arrangements and ventilation, occupies the finest site in Bexhill. It is situated in its own grounds of nearly four acres, and commands extensive views of the English Channel and surrounding country.

Prospectus on application. Telephone No. 392.

There is no photograph extant of the 1906 class but there is one of 1907. Miss Isabel, as she was known, believes this was in fact the very first photograph of the school and says, "Miss Burrows and I wore long white serge dresses and our hair was puffed up over frames on top! Mrs Burrows had a simpler hair do. She was very handsome."

ANCASTER HOUSE - SEPTEMBER 1907

Daisy Scott
Winifred Stanuell
Hazel Gwynne
Phyllis Draper
Colleen Lee-Evans

Dorothy Malden
Connie Brown
Lily Mitcham
Sylvia Shepherd
Gwenda Verschoyle

Nell Gwynn
M'lle
Miss Burrows
Dorothea Mayne
Mrs. Burrows
Miss Isabel
Molly Mitchell

Marjorie Scott
Mona Martin
Nellie Mayne
Nora Cox
Sant Lanyon
Rover
Eileen Martin
Raby Stewart

The following extracts come from the 1909 School Prospectus

MRS FRANK BURROWS and her Daughters, assisted by an efficient staff of Resident Mistresses and Visiting Masters, receive a limited number of Girls to whom they offer the advantages of school life under exceptionally favourable conditions and whose individual welfare they make their especial care.

Bexhill on Sea is situated on the shores of Pevensey Bay between Hastings and Eastbourne. It enjoys a bracing climate, having open country at the back and not being shut in by hills. The bathing is excellent and the sands and rocks well adapted for children.

Ancaster House, standing in its own grounds of nearly four acres, holds an unrivalled position over 150 feet above the sea level and commands wide views of the English Channel and surrounding country. The School has been built with all modern improvements in ventilation and sanitary arrangements. The latter having been certified.

The Health of the Girls is made one of the first considerations and every detail connected with it is under constant supervision. Lessons in Physical Drill are given daily and special exercises to those who need them. No girl is allowed to return after suffering from or being exposed to an infectious illness, without a Medical Certificate.

The School Year consists of the usual three terms. The Parents are consulted as to what subjects their daughters should take up. The following are taught in the School Curriculum: Scripture, Needlework, English Grammar, Composition and Literature, History, Geography, French, German, Latin, Elementary Mathematics, Theory of Music, Class Singing, Junior Drawing and Painting. Classes are arranged for periods of forty minutes only, to give the Girls constant change and variety.

Examinations The lessons given and subjects taken are so arranged that Girls may enter in the ordinary course for the University Local Examinations if their Parents wish it. They can also be prepared for the Examinations of the R.A. & R.C.M. and those of the Royal Drawing Society.

Games Every Girl is expected to join in games unless exempted by the special request of her Parents or Medical Adviser. The grounds afford every facility for Lawn Tennis, Cricket and Croquet in summer and Hockey during the winter

Entire Charge is taken of children whose Parents are abroad and arrangements can be made for brothers to spend their holidays at Ancaster House with their sisters.

FEES *(payable in advance)*

£30 a Term over 14

£25 a Term under 14

Optional Extras

Music 2 - 3 guineas	Dancing 2 guineas
London Professors 5 guineas	Riding per lesson 5/-
Advanced Drawing 3 guineas	Fencing 2 guineas
Painting 3 guineas	Swimming 10/6
Italian & Latin 2 guineas	Cooking and dressmaking 1 guinea

Games Fund 5/- per term

Use of School Books and Stationery 10/- per term

The girls are allowed free access to the School Library

A term's notice is required before the removal of any girl

Penland Road -1909

"Before Cricket"

The School in 1909

Memories of the early years 1906 -1912

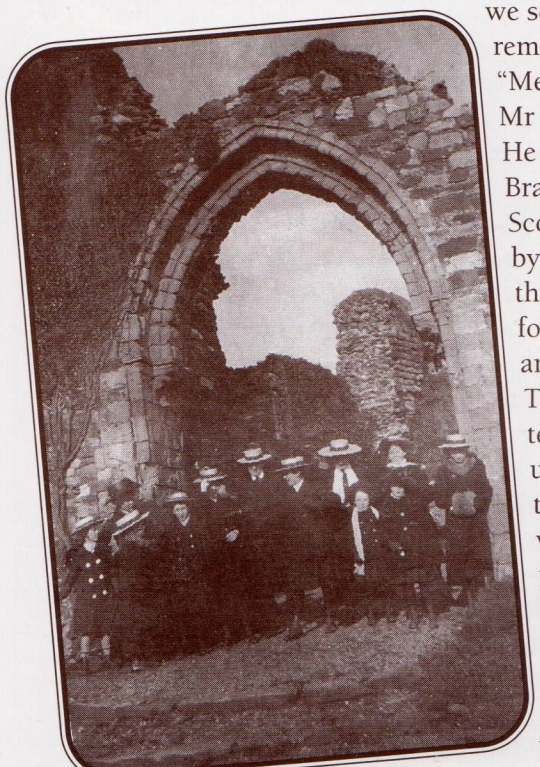
The following memories all come from girls who were at Ancaster House in these very early years. - They were recorded in the nineteen seventies.

H.D. (née W.B.) writes

Cicely and Dorothea

"In the Summer term of 1909 when we first went to school, Ancaster House seemed to us a very large place. The School House stood up four square without any additions to the main building except the Rec., which had recently been built. There were twenty eight girls and most of them, viewed from the bottom of the lowest class, seemed very grand and clever!
We younger ones played a great deal of Croquet in front of the Rec., and sometimes we squabbled badly over our games.
In those days the mistresses were Miss Burrows, Miss Isabel and Miss Mackness.
Mr Burrows taught us Geography, and "Matey," struggled with our personal appearance and habits. We feared and hated and loved her dearly.
Mrs Burrows presided over everything. She was said to rise at 5 a.m. and certainly she was known to appear at a very early hour armed with salt and castor oil! At a later date someone told her of "Black Jack," which was nearly as bad!
In the Easter term the school had measles, and Dorothea and I were in a class by ourselves "D and H" and usually in trouble, as we seldom did our prep. I can remember our feverish study of "Meiklejohn" whilst awaiting Mr Burrows.
He taught us Geography with old Bradshaws. We used to race to Scotland or Ireland or Cornwall by different routes, and I have often thought what a practical idea that was, for we learnt all the main railway lines and our way about a Bradshaw as well.
The great event, of course, was half term when Mrs Burrows usually took us to Hastings Castle and Caves, and then to tea at *Semadini's. Whatever we did at half term was always perfectly lovely.
We were very happy in spite of order marks and other very real troubles, and looking back, one is very glad to have been to school at Ancaster House."

Matey



A Visit to Hastings Castle

**This was Semadini's at 6 Claremont, Robertson Street, Hastings selling the most refined French and Swiss Patisseries and Sweets.*

M.G. (née H.) writes:

"I am horrified to find that my "memories" are so disjointed; they couldn't be woven into anything closer than a fishing net such as might be used by whalers! But here is a knot or two in the fabric:

1. "Mildred's Disease" the affliction of having a petticoat shewing below the skirt, named after M*ld**d M*rt*n!
2. My awed respect for the head girl of my first term, Winifred Stanuell, and my intense annoyance at learning, very recently, that she was only sixteen at that time.
3. Muller's exercises in the gym., lightly clad in vest and knickers, first thing in the morning. Each girl had a brick, on which she stood on one leg, to perform certain foot waggling exercises with the other. Then helter skelter upstairs and into the bathrooms, one after the other; one dip (no nonsense about soap!) and a dewy skedaddle to your own cubicle, where the drying process was completed with skin rubbing exercises.
4. The institution of "Big Sisters," who were each responsible for the tidiness of one small girl. My little Sister for a time was Dorothea Mayne, and I remember well what a pleasure it was to brush her pretty dark hair, which curled naturally at the ends."

Exercising in the Rec.

W.F.K. (née S), writes:

ANCASTER HOUSE AS A LUSTY INFANT

"Ancaster House in its first year might have seemed to others not really a school at all, it was so very small, but like some famous heroes, though puny of body it was big and valiant of heart. My most persistent impression after all these years is of our audacious courage. Even that first term, when there were but eight of us, we dared to challenge other schools at cricket. Certainly we started our eleven with both Miss Burrows and Miss Isabel, a most formidable start, but what was the rest but tail, and such a tail, including Fraulein or was it Mademoiselle? who had never seen the game before; and the infantile Mona and Eileen Martin, fresh from India, and not much taller than their bats. Still, the tail wagged cheerily, and I am not sure that we did not win a match, something to remember proudly when our ridiculous little crocodile marched to church and met the serried ranks of the Beehive, though even then we were resolved one day to eclipse in games and work and numbers, that pinnacle of the district's schools.

Mona, Eileen and Kathleen

It was only our second term when we boldly challenged the Beehive at Hockey. Our numbers had doubled by then to excuse such audacity. We had the Maynes, the Gwynnes, the Scots, Gwenda Verschoyle, Raby Stewart, and we were in no whit daunted that our eleven included such midgets as Dorothea Mayne, not more than two feet either way, and wielding her gigantic stick in a brilliantly effective, scythe like manner. What did that matter? I've seen the two foot Dorothea with her scythe stem unaided the rush of five Herculean forwards, whose excuse, of course, might have been that they overlooked her. And so, no matter how, we won some matches that term, and already dreamt of conquests far greater than the Beehive."

Matey and Miss Mackness

Memories of Nell Gwynne who was at school in 1906

The Gwynnes

"Mrs Burrows always opened the day with prayers.
The Reverend Burrows gave extra tuition in The Study.
He taught History and Literature with a ruler at the ready in his hand!
Miss Burrows taught all subjects and games.
Miss Isabel taught Music, Painting and Drawing.
Miss Saxby was matron/nurse in the sanatorium.
Miss Mackness taught general subjects.
Miss Harland music and violin.
Miss Julliett general subjects.
Mlle and Fraulein, French and German, which were spoken at meals.
Mde Gairett Dancing and Physical Exercises.
Prep. was not too heavy but we were kept in if necessary. If there was any misbehaviour we were in disgrace and sent out on the Patch i.e. the games field, in full view to weed the daisies! We played games most afternoons, hockey and cricket, later tennis. We made our own beds supervised by the Head Girl. We very often had treats. We went to the theatre in Hastings and the Kursaal in Bexhill. There were parties at other schools (Boys') and visits to other churches. We were known as "Bunnies" in the town (from Miss Burrows) and were only allowed out shopping with a mistress or the Head Girl, always in a crocodile and no talking en route!"

Lilian Lees née Sly records the following:

"The school was certainly in its early days, but I still look back with pleasure to my pupil days there. My name was Lilian Annie Sly at that time and I came from Leeds, Yorkshire, where I was born. I came with a friend, Lily Dawson also of Leeds but she was a year older. We came together on May 6 1908 aged 12 years . . . so it says on the fly page of my old school Bible. The school was owned at that time, as far as I know by the Rev. Mr Burrows, wife and two daughters i.e. Miss Frances

Burrows and Miss Isabel. The Rev. Burrows was not always there and I think suffered from gout. He taught History only and I believe my weakest subject, much to my dismay.

Sitting on rugs

Our uniform in my days was a dark green serge suit (made to own patterns), and worn with light blouses and ties, white suits and felt hats for Sundays, red berets for winter day wear and straw boaters with stripes red and green alternate colours. Afternoon dresses were worn for after evening meal. We always sat in the Drawing Room where Mrs Burrows was present. We wore white silk dresses for dancing class. The first Gym or dance room was built whilst I was there. We enjoyed Hockey, Tennis and Cricket, and with Boys' Schools occasionally. Our largest dorm was for six girls. We used to have midnight feasts, when Matey had put the light out. Oh! we wore white piqué dresses or blouses and skirts and ties according to what eleven we were in. We wore nice green gym suits with white collars and a small red tie.

I wonder, do you still have crocodile walks? We attended the Parish Church on Sunday mornings and when fourteen and over, we used to attend a small service at a local "Tin Tab" as we called it, a short walk up the lane. The younger girls sang hymns round the piano. I remember being asked to help Mrs Burrows put the stamps on her Sunday letters. I put them all on crosswise and she was not amused! We always looked forward to Sunday afternoons when we sat on our rugs on the playing field.

At half term we used to go to Hastings and sat on the tram's top deck. The lines were laid on grass in those days. A visit to the "Patisserie" there was always welcomed. This went on our school bill and any extra we always had to pay for ourselves. Miss Isabel had a mastoid and was ill in bed and had to have leeches put on. Rosemary, the youngest girl had some in a glass jar in water!"

This rear view of Ancaster House taken in 1909, shows clearly that there is no Lodge Arch or Lodge. It also shows the Gym or Dance room referred to by Lilian Lees (née Sly) and more usually called the Rec. This was added in 1909 at the cost of £400. The Rec. was used for almost everything - gym, dancing, holding parties, theatricals, examinations.

The Cricket Field - 1909

"Current Events"

Big School - another view

"Mark Reading" in the Rec. c. 1909

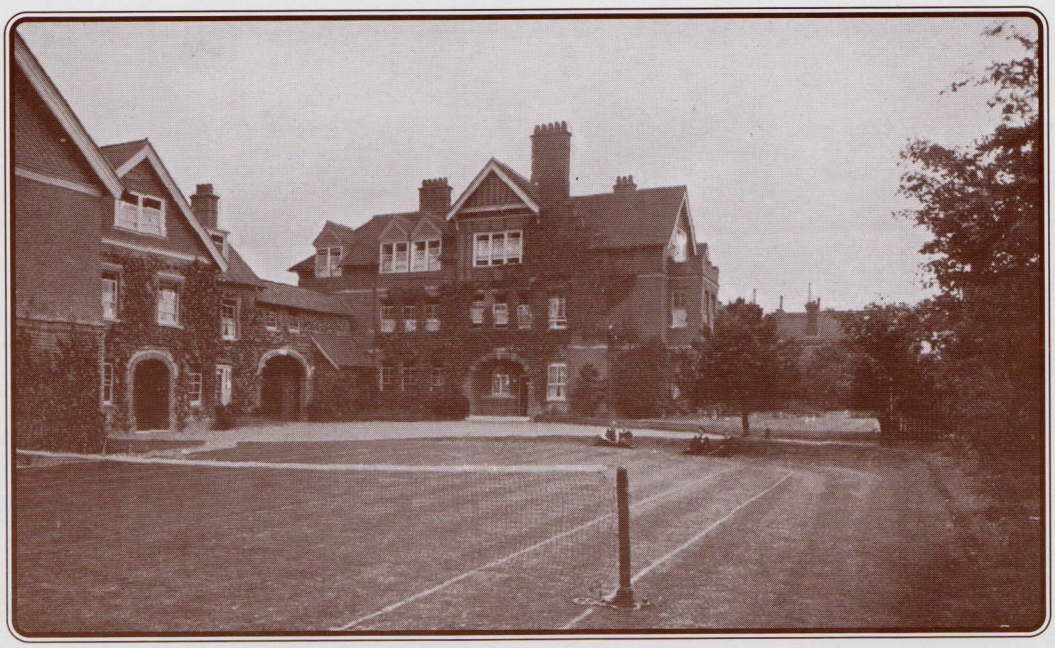
Entrance Hall of House - 1909

The Study c. 1909

Elder Girls' Sitting Room

The Building of Lodge, 1913

It was decided in 1913 that due to the increased number of students another building should be added to the School which would become the senior house. This new building was called Lodge. Isabel Harvey (Burrows) recalled in later years that when Lodge was built it was put right away from the original house for fear if it wasn't a success it could be sold more easily! This care not to exceed financial capabilities remained a hall mark of Mrs and then Miss Burrows, all the time they ran Ancaster House.
Ancaster Lodge cost them £3,000. Lodge arch was added for ease of access.



This photograph shows the new building, Lodge, with the arch attached to House

Here Mrs Burrows is standing in front of what was to be Lodge front door

House with Lodge under construction

This pen and ink drawing done by Miss Richards for the 1916 School Magazine clearly shows House with Lodge and the Arch

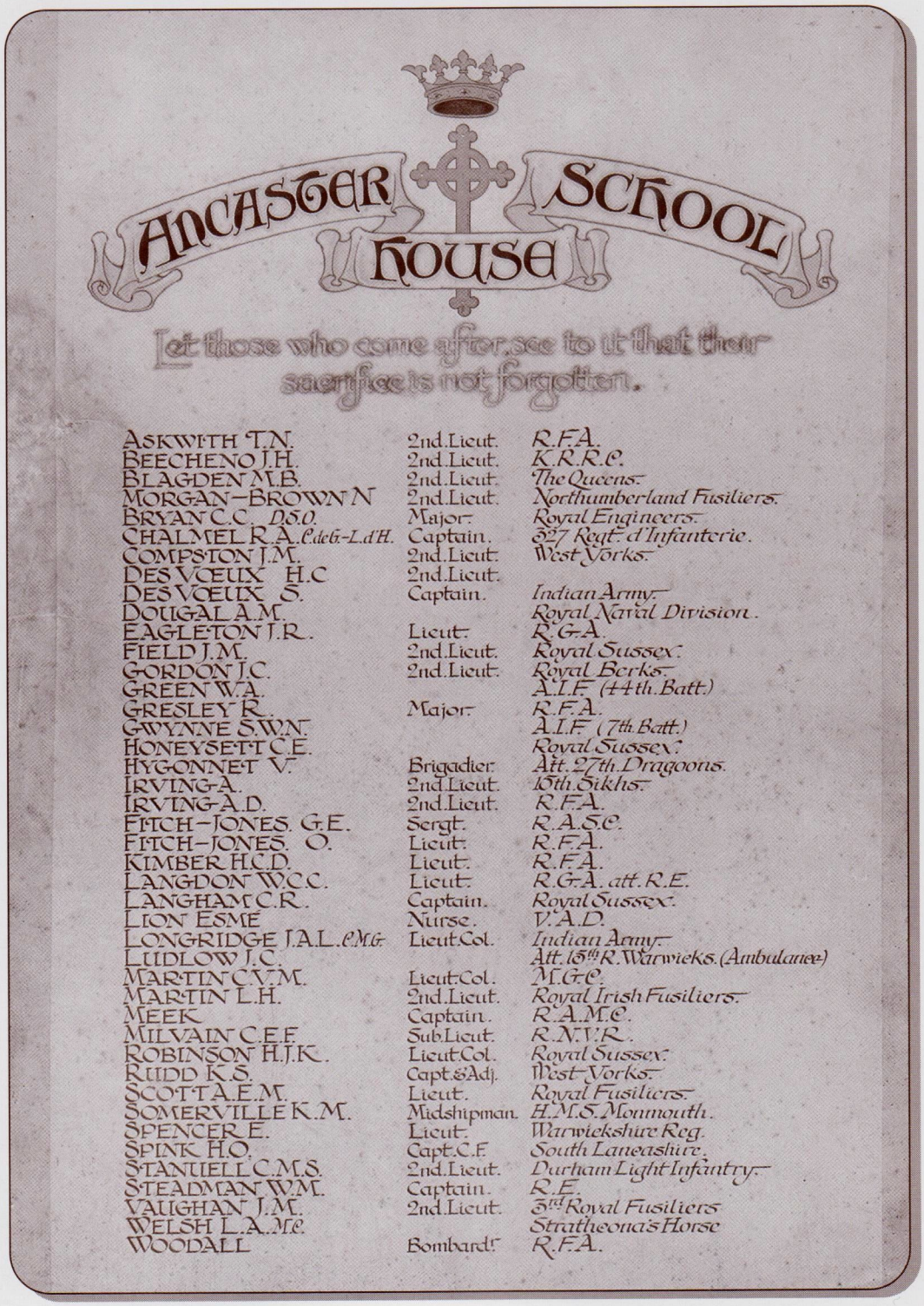
Some of the Lodge dwellers - Margaret, Mollie, Eileen, Dorothea and Timmie

View of the rear of the School (1916)

The School in 1913

The War Years 1914 - 1918

From very small beginnings the school had made steady growth. Then just as Lodge was completed and the Penland Road field bought for £1,250, the First World War erupted. During the four years, school life continued at Ancaster House; the school numbers increased and so did the buildings, but lives of many girls and staff were greatly affected by the tragedy of war. A meticulous record was kept of brothers, fathers and male relatives serving in the war and in 1919 this Roll of Honour was devised to act as a memorial to those killed.



ASKWITH T.N.	2nd.Lieut.	R.F.A.
BEECHENO J.H.	2nd.Lieut.	K.R.R.C.
BLAGDEN M.B.	2nd.Lieut.	The Queens.
MORGAN-BROWN N	2nd.Lieut.	Northumberland Fusiliers.
BRYAN C.C. D.S.O.	Major.	Royal Engineers.
CHALMEL R.A. C.de G.-L.d'H.	Captain.	327 Regt. d'Infanterie.
COMPSTON J.M.	2nd.Lieut.	West Yorks.
DES VOEUX H.C	2nd.Lieut.	
DES VOEUX S.	Captain.	Indian Army.
DOUGAL A.M.		Royal Naval Division.
EAGLETON J.R.	Lieut.	R.G.A.
FIELD J.M.	2nd.Lieut.	Royal Sussex.
GORDON J.C.	2nd.Lieut.	Royal Berks.
GREEN W.A.		A.I.F. (44th.Batt.)
GRESLEY R.	Major.	R.F.A.
GWYNNE S.W.N.		A.I.F. (7th.Batt.)
HONEYSETT C.E.		Royal Sussex.
HYGONNET V.	Brigadier.	Att. 27th.Dragoons.
IRVING A.	2nd.Lieut.	15th Sikhs.
IRVING A.D.	2nd.Lieut.	R.F.A.
FITCH-JONES. G.E.	Sergt.	R.A.S.C.
FITCH-JONES. O.	Lieut.	R.F.A.
KIMBER H.C.D.	Lieut.	R.F.A.
LANGDON W.C.C.	Lieut.	R.G.A. att. R.E.
LANGHAM C.R.	Captain.	Royal Sussex.
LION ESME	Nurse.	V.A.D.
LONGRIDGE J.A.L. C.M.G.	Lieut.Col.	Indian Army.
LUDLOW J.C.		Att. 15th R.Warwicks. (Ambulance)
MARTIN C.V.M.	Lieut.Col.	M.G.C.
MARTIN L.H.	2nd.Lieut.	Royal Irish Fusiliers.
MEEK	Captain.	R.A.M.C.
MILVAIN C.E.F.	Sub.Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
ROBINSON H.J.K.	Lieut.Col.	Royal Sussex.
RUDD K.S.	Capt.&Adj.	West Yorks.
SCOTT A.E.M.	Lieut.	Royal Fusiliers.
SOMERVILLE K.M.	Midshipman.	H.M.S. Monmouth.
SPENCER E.	Lieut.	Warwickshire Reg.
SPINK H.O.	Capt.C.F.	South Lancashire.
STANUELL C.M.S.	2nd.Lieut.	Durham Light Infantry.
STEADMAN W.M.	Captain.	R.E.
VAUGHAN J.M.	2nd.Lieut.	3rd Royal Fusiliers
WELSH L.A. M.C.		Strathcona's Horse
WOODALL	Bombard.	R.F.A.

(ROLL OF HONOUR)

Here are the actual details of how those named on the Roll died.

October 1915

Des Voeux, Harold Charles. Died of wounds received in the Dardanelles, June 11 1915. Brother of Violet.

Gwynne, Sackville W N. Reported missing at Gallipoli, May 1915. Brother of Nell and Hazel.

March 1916

Morgan Brown, Nigel. Died of Dysentery in Alexandria, October 1915. Brother of Doffie Grace and Enid.

Fitch-Jones, George Edward. Died in field hospital in France, January 1916. Brother of Muriel.

June 1916

Field, John Morton. Killed in action, April 1916. Brother of Barbara.

October 1916

Longridge, James A. Killed at the Somme, August 1916. Father of Marjorie.

Kimber, H C D. Killed in action, June 1916. Brother of Irene and Helen.

Honeysett, C E. Missing since, July 1916 The Gardener.

March 1917

Langdon, C. Died of multiple shell wounds, March 1916. Brother of Miss Langdon.

De Voeux, Captain. Died of wounds, February 1917. Brother of Violet.

Scott, Arthur, Died on the Ancre, November 1916. Brother of Daisy and Marjorie.

June 1917

Martin, Clive. Killed in action, March 1917. Godson of Miss Burrows.

Owen, Edward. Killed in action, May 1917. Brother of Muriel.

Green, W A. Killed in Action 13, March 1917. He was killed bringing in the wounded. Volunteers had been called for to enter No Man's Land and he responded. He made two successful journeys, but was killed on the third. Brother of Miss Green.

November 1917

Askwith, Thomas N. Killed in action, October 1917. Brother of Chris.

Bryan, Major. Killed by a bomb from an enemy plane in France, August 1917 Uncle of Freda.

Cook, J. Killed in Mesopotamia, September 1917. Fiance of Joan Bolton.

Langham, Cecil. Killed at Ypres, August 1917. Brother of Dulcie.

Steadman, W M. Killed in France, October 1917. Brother of Miss Steadman.

August 1918

Gordon, John. Cameron Killed in action, March 1918. Brother of Miss Gordon.

Meek, Captain. Killed while operating in a Canadian field hospital. Father of Louise.

Spencer, Eliot. Died from wounds, February 1918.
Brother of Mollie.

April 1919

Beechino, James H. Died from wounds, October 1918.
Brother of Joan.
Blagden, M B. Killed in action, September 1918.
Brother of Ruth.
Compston, J M. Killed in action, October 1918.
Brother of Marjorie.
Eagleton, John. Died of wounds, September 1918.
Brother of Esma.
Gresley, Major. Killed in action, September 1918.
Brother of Dorothy.
Irving, Alfred. Killed in action in Mesopotamia, November 1918.
Brother of Doris and Audrey.
Irvin, A D. Died of wounds, September 1918.
Brother of Hope.
Robinson, H T. Killed in action, April 1918.
Brother of 'Nurse'.
Rudd, K S. Killed in action, October 1918.
Brother of Bee.
Welsh, Leonard. Killed in action, October 1918.
Brother of Helen.

Girls from Ancaster House became involved in various degrees of war work.

Gwenda Vershoyle - trained for four months in the East Sussex Hospital in Hastings, went to the military hospital in Reading and then in June 1916 was sent to France, finally working there in an isolation hospital.

May Roper - did Canteen work and sang to the Tommies.

Marjorie Scott - worked as a chauffeuse at the North West Ambulance Station in Hampstead and then was sent to France in March 1917.

Kitty Locock - as a VAD got up at 6am, polished wards, laid mess room tables, carried trays and filled hot water bottles.

Margaret Smith - worked at the Military Hospital in Warminster "where there were any amount of Australians and Colonials with appalling coughs, and a wing full of wounded German prisoners of war".

At one time in 1916 **Florence Hanmer** was at a depot packing 3,500 loaves a week to send to British prisoners of war in Germany. In March 1918 **Bee Rudd** who was working at Woolwich Arsenal Munitions was recalled for ploughing and ended up ploughing five acres a day at about two miles per hour.

Ancaster House is the backdrop for these Army manoeuvres

Expansion

In 1917 a new sick bay was opened, built over the Rec. Also in 1917 Ancaster Gate was opened and Mrs Burrows moved into it with the Junior girls. It was on the site of the old Ebor School and was called the gate by Mrs Burrows, who thought of it as an entrance or gateway to the main school.

Ancaster Gate

It is interesting to compare the 1919 *(overleaf)* prospectus with the earlier one *(page 20)* and to realize how the school had grown despite the war years.

School and Gate 1918

MRS FRANK BURROWS and Miss Burrows, assisted by an efficient staff of Resident Mistresses and Visiting Masters, receive a limited number of girls to whom they offer the advantages of school life under exceptionally favourable conditions, and whose individual welfare they make their especial care.

Bexhill on Sea is situated on the shores of Pevensey Bay, between Hastings and Eastbourne. It enjoys a bracing climate, as it is surrounded by open country with hills in the distance. The bathing is excellent and the sands and rocks well adapted for children.

Ancaster House, standing in its own grounds of over five acres, holds an unrivalled position 120 feet above sea level and commands wide views of the English Channel and surrounding country. The School was built in 1898, with all modern improvements in ventilation and sanitary arrangements, the latter being certified. Besides the large schoolroom (30ft x 20ft) there are five classrooms and a lofty recreation room (40ft x 20ft) with a polished floor for dancing.

A Senior House was added in 1913, which contains a Studio, special kitchens and Workrooms for the Domestic Students, and single or double bedrooms for the Seniors. This House serves as a "finishing school" for elder girls. They can, according to the wishes of their Parents, continue their studies, prepare for the University, devote their time to Music and Art, or receive a thorough training in all the departments of Domestic Work.

The Health of the girls is made one of the first considerations and every detail connected with it is under constant supervision. Breathing and other exercises are taken daily by a trained teacher, and special drill is given to those who need it. Eurhythmic exercises are taught throughout the school. No girl who has been in contact with an infectious illness is allowed to return without a Medical Certificate.

The School Year consists of the usual three terms. The parents are consulted as to the subjects which their daughters should take. The following are taught in the School Curriculum: Scripture, Needlework, English Grammar, Dictation, Composition and Literature, Current Events, History, Geography, French, German, Latin, Elementary Mathematics, Nature Study, Handicrafts, Theory of Music, Junior Class Singing, Drawing and Painting. Classes are arranged for periods of forty minutes only, in order to give the girls constant change and variety.

Examinations The lessons given are so arranged that girls may enter in the ordinary course for the University Local Examinations, if their parents wish it. They can also be prepared for the Examinations of the R.A. and R.C.M. and those of the Royal Drawing Society.

Games Every girl is expected to join in the games unless exempt by the special request of her parents or Medical Adviser. The grounds afford every facility for Lawn Tennis, Cricket and Croquet in summer, and Hockey, Netball and Goalball during the winter.

Entire Charge is taken of girls whose parents are abroad

A Clothes List will be sent on application.

Prospectus of Junior House, preparatory for Ancaster House, can be had on application.

FEES PER ANNUM

£90 for girls over 14.
£75 for girls under 14.
Senior House, 100 guineas

Term's fees payable in advance.

Termly Extras: Laundry 1½ Guineas, Games fund 10/-
Use of School Books and Stationery 10/-, Seat in church 5/-

OPTIONAL EXTRAS PER TERM

Music (Piano, Violin 2 - 3 Guineas (advanced lessons) 2 - 4 Guineas,
Solo Singing 2 - 4 Guineas, Singing (with Master) 5/-
Advanced Drawing 2 Guineas, Painting 2 Guineas
Dancing Class 2 Guineas, Fencing 2 Guineas, Riding (per lesson) 5/-
Blousemaking, Lingerie. etc 10/6
Swimming by arrangement.

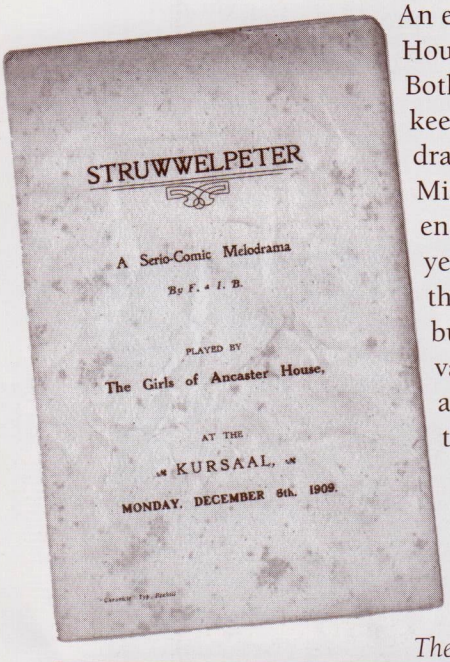
The girls are allowed free access to the School Library.
A term's notice is required before the removal of any girl.

THE ANCASTRIAN

School Life in its Rich Variety

The School Magazine, known as The Ancastrian was started in 1915 and was published every year throughout Miss Burrows' headship. It provides a rich source of information about the life of the school and the following section is derived from various issues of this magazine.

Drama


STRUWWELPETER

A Serio-Comic Melodrama

By F. & I. B.

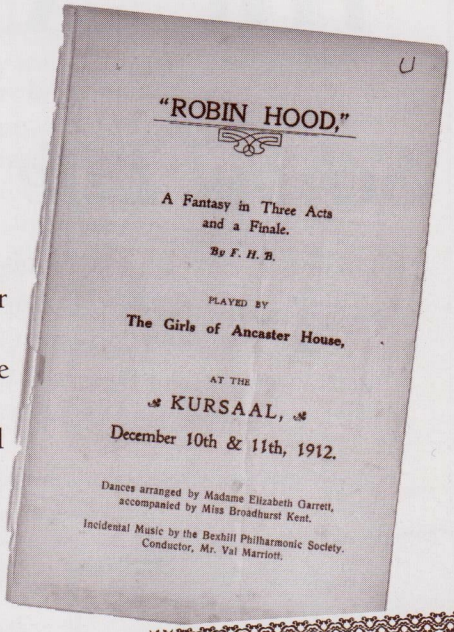
PLAYED BY

The Girls of Ancaster House,

AT THE

KURSAAL,

MONDAY, DECEMBER 6th, 1909.


"ROBIN HOOD,"

A Fantasy in Three Acts and a Finale.

By F. H. B.

PLAYED BY

The Girls of Ancaster House,

AT THE

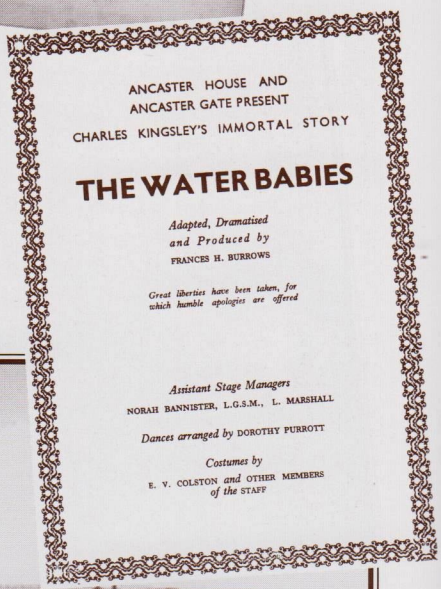
KURSAAL,

December 10th & 11th, 1912.

Dances arranged by Madame Elizabeth Garrett, accompanied by Miss Broadhurst Kent.

Incidental Music by the Bexhill Philharmonic Society. Conductor, Mr. Val Marriott.

An essential ingredient of Ancaster House life was its *Drama*. Both Frances and Miss Isabel were keen members of amateur dramatics clubs and societies and Miss Burrows continued this enthusiasm through all her years at school. Not only did the school perform in the Rec. but over the years used various public buildings in Bexhill, amongst them the Kursaal and then the Pavilion.


ANCASTER HOUSE AND ANCASTER GATE PRESENT

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S IMMORTAL STORY

THE WATER BABIES

Adapted, Dramatised and Produced by

FRANCES H. BURROWS

Great liberties have been taken, for which humble apologies are offered

Assistant Stage Managers

NORAH BANNISTER, L.G.S.M., L. MARSHALL

Dances arranged by DOROTHY PURROTT

Costumes by

E. V. COLSTON *and* OTHER MEMBERS *of the* STAFF

The Kursaal

Water

From the beginning the sea and swimming played an enormous part in the lives of the girls. The following photographs, from several periods, illustrate this life, as do the extracts from *The Ancastrian*.

Paddling at Glyne Gap

At Egerton Baths

We started bathing very late this season owing to the cold weather, but although this shortened the season, some very good work was done at the baths. Irene Carlebach's Swimming Trophy was competed for with great enthusiasm. Irene came down to watch the test and Kathleen (Irene's sister) and Betty Powell had a great tussle, and after various extra tests (as the judges could not decide which was the better), the prize fell to Betty. The competitors were judged in swimming, life saving and diving; speed and style were considered. Ten girls went in for the Swimming Badge and all passed, a very creditable result as this is not an easy badge. Only two girls in the House cannot swim, and one of these is reported to be able to do a few strokes by herself! We had a gorgeous bathe in the sea on one of the last Saturdays of the term. We took our tea and supper down to the shore and had three cricket matches on the sand. Cecile Eteson, Irene Carlebach, Barbara Field and Daisy Scott were all there for part of the time, which gave the afternoon an extra nice touch. We paddled in the sea several times this summer, but this was our only actual bathe in it, except for the Exam. Girls who were sometimes taken in the evenings after their exams were over, lucky things!"

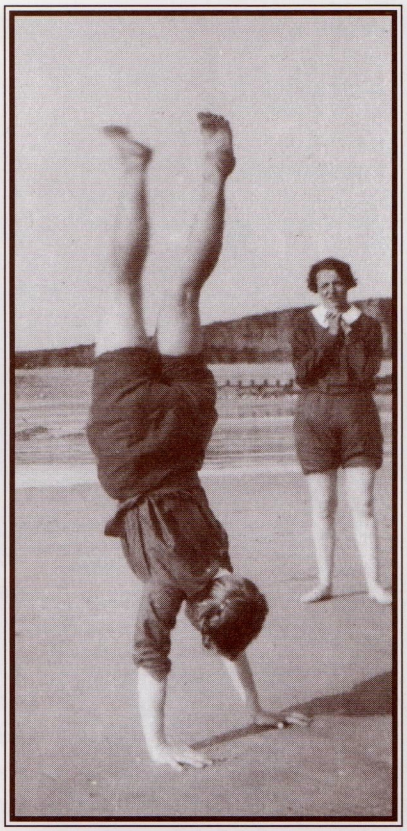
Miss Burrows at Egerton Baths

With the fishermen at Camber - 1913

Bathing

The sky is blue, the day is fair,
And everyone is waiting there,
There at the gate with coats and bags,
What! someone's late
Oh! how time drags.
At last we're starting out in force,
The mistress in the rear of course.
The girls all hasten to the beach.
To find a spot quite out of reach,
A spot that's hid from prying eyes,
Where all may safely change their guise.
Then out we troop in bathing kit.
"Oh! help! my glad rags do not fit!"
Some timid mortals start and shrink,
And linger shivering on the brink;
But soon we're dipping in a wave,
Miss Gordon there our lives to save.
With boisterous sports we now employ
Our time, thus filled with raptured joy;
But hark! the fatal whistle blows,
And summons us to don our clothes.
Homewards our way we slowly wend,
Why do such joys so quickly end?

A.Walter and N.Spicer



Bathing at Glyne Gap - 1919

Before this summer we have always bathed in the Baths, but this term, owing to a slight epidemic of Belgian Blush (the new name for Hun Measles) we were not allowed to go, in case we left germs in the beautiful water, so now we bathe in great style at Glyne Gap the style being needed when you dress and undress. We are usually divided into three sets and each girl has a partner whom she has to look after in the water and the partner looks after her. Our particular set is usually the last one to go in (as we happen to be rather juvenile) and as we wait for our turn we admire? our elders and betters on their way to the water. Sometimes we are nearly knocked over by a streak of brightness which flashes past us. This turns out to be a plump damsel in a brilliant emerald green bathing dress with scarlet trimmings (the school colours!). She dashes along the beach for the Roll Call before going into the water but we mustn't laugh or make fun of her as she is a student and therefore a swell! At last our turns come and we fly down to the water's edge and go up to the Mistress who is checking the names of the bathers. Much to our disgust and impatience we are told to wait as the girls coming out must be ticked off the list first, and so there is a further interval while these dripping creatures file past. However, eventually we find ourselves in the water and we make up our

A picnic at Camber

minds to enjoy ourselves. Suddenly, as you are disporting yourself in the waves, you see looming upon you a person slightly bigger than the rest and ever so much bluer! This you recognise to be a Mistress and she says ferociously: "Where's your partner?" Having completely forgotten her, you look round frantically and to your great relief you see her a little way off. Not knowing that she is out of her depth and that you will be too when you reach her, you struggle towards her, stretch out a long arm, lay a hand on her shoulder and say, "Here she . . . . ." and you promptly both disappear from sight and rise to the surface spluttering and clutching and calling each other names! At last the whistle goes and you go in. As you pass the Mistress, to give your name in, she usually stares at you for a considerable length of time before she says, "Oh yes, I know who you are. You're so and so" and then she names someone you particularly dislike to be mistaken for! You reach your clothes after a painful crawl over rocks or pebbles and now comes "the great style of dressing". When you are in the most critical state of all, you suddenly find to your horror that there are two or three small boys peering over the top of the cliff or a stray old gentleman is gazing out to sea through a telescope, which you expect him to turn on you at any minute. Eventually after many difficulties we get dressed and go down to wash our bathing dresses in the sea. This proceeding nearly always ends with one or other of us falling in, and, as by this time we have on our shoes and stockings it is rather sad. After a lovely bathe, when you feel at peace with all the world, it is hard to have to face an angry Matron, especially as she is not even satisfied with scolding you for your wet shoes and stockings but actually even discovers that your dress and knickers have got soaked. Of course, after an exciting afternoon like this, you wonder however you will be able to settle down to prep., but tea always revives you and you feel more like work afterwards, although even when you are absorbed by the entrancing joys? of Arithmetic, your thoughts will stray to Glyne Gap, the waves, the rocks and the blue sky.

G.Carver and G.Winlaw

Outings

These and the following photographs and extracts from The Ancastrian show what a wide variety of experiences the girls had outside school

Botany walks are one of the most delightful features of the summer term. Just as one has got into a comfortable swing along the road, chatting confidentially to a friend about nothing at all, Miss Smith calls out from the rear, "What tree is that?" The only thing to do on these occasions is to pretend you know it, name all the trees you have ever heard of, and carefully and hopefully regard the expression on Miss Smith's face until you come to the right one. "Larch". Expression of horror. "Beech". More encouraging expression. "Hornbeam!" "Good," from Miss Smith, and "What a fluke!" from the rest of the company. "I thought a hornbeam was a kind of moth," mutters one person in an aside.

We usually go to the marshes. This is very thrilling, as everybody's ambition is to get a rare flower before anyone else, and you always search some futile place like the middle of the stream, for the more inaccessible the spot, the rarer the flower or so we always imagine. Miss Smith pronounces the most awful penalties for the people who get wet, so you hire somebody to hold on to your feet, you fling yourself into a prone falling position place, balance your body on one hand which is ineffectually supported by a blade of grass, while with the other hand you stretch frantically for the flower. Alas! the blade of grass, your only support, gives way and your arm sinks rapidly into the mud and water. "Quick, Miss Smith is coming," says an agitated voice, from what seems miles away. With desperation in your heart you make a final effort, you reach your precious specimen and clutch it triumphantly to your sopping chest. Disguising your dripping arm as best you can, you approach Miss Smith ingratiatingly only to find a contemporary has already presented her with a huge bunch of the very same kind of flower that you have wasted all your energy on and soaked yourself to the skin to obtain! Still, Botany Walks are very fascinating and paddling about in dykes adds an extra charm to them, even though you may get wet to the bone for no purpose at all and are jeered at by the other people who are still dry, but not half so happy as you are.

Mollie Moller

Ready for the off

Out collecting specimens

The Tram

Trams took the girls on many of their outings. The Hastings Tramways Company started a service between St.Leonards and Bexhill on 9th April 1906. The line was extended to Cooden on 28th July 1906. These are two extracts from The Ancastrian of 1916.

Our Tram Conductor

The "Special" came to have a special meaning for A.H.

Most of the old girls will remember Mr Ryan, the Irish Inspector, who always comes on our special trams. On our last journey together he announced excitedly," Ye have the honour r r, Miss Burrusss, of being conducted on this trip by a German prisoner of War r r." We naturally thought that when he said a German he meant a German, but it turned out that the conductor was a British soldier who had been a prisoner in Germany and was exchanged, as he is totally disabled from further fighting. He was severely wounded in the spine, the thigh and the leg. However, he is very cheery and can manage this comparatively light work. In bad weather his wounds are very painful and we discoverd that he had no private overcoat, i.e. while on the car he could wear one of the Company's coats, but when off duty he had nothing to put on over his distinctly threadbare suit. The reason for this was that when she heard he was missing his wife gave all his clothes away to her relations! So the girls collected some money and we had some fine money in hand and one way and another we produced enough to buy him a good thick overcoat, price 45s. Here is his letter, which speaks for itself:

Dear Madam,

Just a few lines to you, thanking you and all the young ladies for the overcoat which I received. I am also very pleased with that coat and it is very warm and will be of great service to me during the winter, which I am sure will be a hard one. I am very pleased to say that my wounds are not so troublesome to day as they are sometimes. I must now close with all good wishes to you for a Merry Christmas.

I remain yours truly,

Mr G Taylor - *(Late) Royal Field Artillery*

Half Term Monday, Easter 1916

On Monday morning we got up feeling very excited and wondering what we should do that day. Nothing particular was done in the first part of the morning, but we were told that we were going to see "Britain Prepared" at the Gaiety Theatre, Hastings in the afternoon.

Dinner was extra early and we got to Hastings in good time, after about half an hour's travelling in our usual "Special" tram. Miss Burrows told us to go into shops and buy sweets instead of buying them in the theatre, which we did. After this, we went into the Gaiety and took our seats in the stalls, where we had a good view of everything.

When we left the theatre we went and had tea in Semadini's. We had tea or coffee, roll and butter and cakes.

No one took long over tea because we wanted to start shopping and Miss Burrows soon allowed us to go. We had half an hour only in which to shop, for we had to be at the Memorial by ten past six.

Everyone hurried to the penny bazaars and other shops and came back very breathless to catch the special tram. This was more squashy than it had been coming, for no one could go on top and everyone was well laden with parcels. I think we were all glad to get out at Penland Road.

Railways

Because so many girls were boarders, Victoria Station in London became a well known venue to them. One Bexhill station platform was extended to cope with the numbers of schools using the station. Again, The Ancastrian has some revealing anecdotes.

"Be Prepared," says our motto and we try to live up to it, but when it comes to railways, we will not mention which, one needs to add, "for anything."

"School train, Bexhill, Ancaster House, No 9," shone white in beautiful script on Victoria's blackboard. To platform No. 9 we went, in order, in good time, in serene content, in perfect faith. We arranged groups for the several Gate carriages, pals together, old girls prepared to take new ones under their wings, much to guardians' satisfaction. The train came in: hand luggage was quickly in the racks or keeping corners, when "Not this train, Madam," brought it and us out again. "Platform 4, Bexhill...Bexhill, platform 4,"

Bexhill's South Eastern Station

reiterated the porters. Nothing for it but to go to platform 4, and to it we went via the bridge and so were landed well down the length of platform 4. But . . . here the train was for Eastbourne and apparently every father, mother and child in London was assembled, either to travel by, or see off that Eastbourne train!"Bex'ill be'ind! Be'ind for Bex'ill," and so we valiantly threaded our respective ways, wormed our ways, in fact, through that Eastbourne mob to the train behind. A large and cheery Eastbourne father, pushed from behind by a large truck of heavy luggage, in its turn pushed by a hefty and urgent porter, is a difficult obstacle to surmount, circumvent or crawl under! At last the rear train was reached, but who found herself with, or even near, her own party? Still, we arrived in good time, so good that the special trams hardly expected us, and it was still daylight when, with 15 new and 30 old, we trooped into the Gate.

Going Home to Ireland

I remember coming home to Ireland from Ancaster House during the First World War. There were about six or eight Irish girls and we met at Euston Station early, for the night train. The train was run into the station all blacked out and on the platform there were lots of Service men going on leave. We used to split up. One big girl took the small ones who were from the Gate, and ran along side the moving train, hanging on to a carriage door handle. When it stopped they would all jump in and let the window down and hang out to make people think it was full up. Meanwhile, the rest of us carried all our trunks into the guard's van as there were only a few women porters. Once in the carriage, we were stuck there until we got to Holyhead, as the passages were full of soldiers and sailors and their equipment. Most of them were lying asleep. If we had room, we took some into our carriage. When we got to Holyhead, we had to line up to get on the boat and school children were the first to be turned back when the boat was full up. I was always lucky, first because my father knew the head detective and he always told the train authorities that my cousin and I would be on the train, and also my parents always booked a cabin for us weeks in advance. When we got on board we were all supposed to put on our life jackets, but they were very uncomfortable so we never did! I once got kicked by the R.T.O. when I was lying asleep on the deck as he mistook me for a soldier in the dim light and told to put my . . . . . jacket on. It was quite exciting but we took it in our stride.

Another outing - this time to Winchelsea

Visit to Robertsbridge

On Monday morning we started off in two divisions. The Lodge went through the Old Town and the House went through the ordinary town. When we reached the Western Road we launched ourselves at the shops, buying up their stores of fruit and by ten o'clock a crowd of us, laden with large and sticky parcels, for strawberry juice was already beginning to pour through the paper bags, assembled at the Arch and proceeded to walk to the South Eastern station. Arrived here,

the first thing to do was to buy specimens of choice literature to improve our minds, then to stream through the gates and bag seats in the train. After a while the train started and away we went. The first stop was Crowhurst. Here we all had to bundle out and get into a train to take us to Robertsbridge. When we reached Robertsbridge we found that our next train wouldn't arrive for some time so Miss Burrows said that we could all go and walk about Robertsbridge which we did. At last we found ourselves back at the station and the train that was to take us to Bodiam was ready ahead of us. It was a funny little train and the engine's name was Juno. After shunting along for a time the train stopped at a little station and we really were there. After depositing our supper in the station, for we were out for a long long day, we started our walk to the castle, energetic people rushing everywhere looking for Botany specimens. When we reached the field round the castle we planted ourselves down and ate our lunch. This proceeding over we all went to explore the castle and scrambled up the steep steps of the one climbable tower. In the afternoon we were all seized with a violent thirst and rushed up to the little cottage and succeeded in drinking up nearly the whole of their water supply for the day. We had tea at a little inn about a mile and a half away and after that we spent the rest of the evening in a wood. It was great fun, especially when it began to pelt with rain and we all had to shelter under about one blade of grass. At about half past six we all started to walk to the station and when we got there we ate our supper poised gracefully on trunks etc. Soon the train appeared, drawn by the faithful Juno and we steamed off to Robertsbridge. Here we caught the train to St Leonards and from there we trammed back to Bexhill, after the loveliest half term imaginable.

All aboard

Rhona Murray

Half Term

On Saturday we had a most enjoyable time in the afternoon shopping in Hastings. We made a raid on all the shops for crinkly paper, because Miss Burrows was going to give a Pierrot Carnival in the evening. When we met at the Memorial to return, everyone turned up with the same shaped parcel. On arriving home we rushed up to our bedrooms to sew paper pom poms on our frocks and to make ruffles. Some clever people made themselves whole dresses of paper. At 7 o'clock we all trooped down for supper; all the dresses were exceptionally good. Having finished supper we had a dress parade, and Miss Burrows and the mistresses judged. Molly Dutchman won the first prize. She was dressed in black and emerald green, with a large green feather in her hair. Priscella Jeffree won the

Waiting patiently

second, Enid Lawley the third, and P Budgett and N Hughes the fourth. We had a few dances, and then played puff ball, a most infectious game. The main object seems to be to blow the ball off the table, and also to blow germs into your opponent's face! The crack team was known as the "Sausages", so called from sausage balloons worn by Violet Blunt, the leader. Each had a little prize, also the umpires. Then followed a most exciting game of balloons. First the forms against each other, then the mistresses, i.e. the Education Staff v. the Oddments (such as the Domestic Science mistress, the matrons, housekeeper etc). At this climax some of the Gate mistresses entered and were, of course, made to play this most exciting game. At 10 o'clock we retired to bed, feeling very tired and hoarse after screaming all the evening. On Sunday afternoon we went to the Colonnade, where the orchestra played some very nice music, and a lady with a good voice sang. On Monday morning we went to the cinema. Miss Burrows had arranged for a private performance and several of the parents who were down for half term came. We saw a lot of pictures of Princess Mary's wedding. After that, Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid" appeared on the screen and shouts of applause arose from the audience. His attention to the "Kid" was worthy of the Child-Nurse-Badge, though the food was not quite the correct thing! In the afternoon we were going to Battle Abbey, but it was too wet so we went to the Rink. Those who did not want to skate went to a Julian Clifford concert on the Pier. We had great fun at the rink and then the Gate arrived, so that it looked like a sea of green serge!

Another Picnic

We had tea in Hastings and if we didn't take too long we could shop again.

The Rink

Oh how many a joyful hour
Has been spent on the Skating Rink,
For in spite of the bumps and the bruised limbs,
It is one of the best sports, I think!

When you first put your skates on and cling to the rail
You really can't think what to do,
When you come to a bunch of beginners
Who are all at the same stage as you

Then you think to yourself, "I can pass these,"
So you push away from the side,
But when you get into the middle
A fall's the result of your pride

Then everyone else just laughs at you,
And sarcastically says, "You're first class,"
And never again do you say to yourself,
"Oh these I can easily pass."
But inspite of all that you enjoy it,
And become quite good at the end,
Though when you get home in the evening
You have two dusty stockings to mend.

S.Wickham.

Hair Washing Day

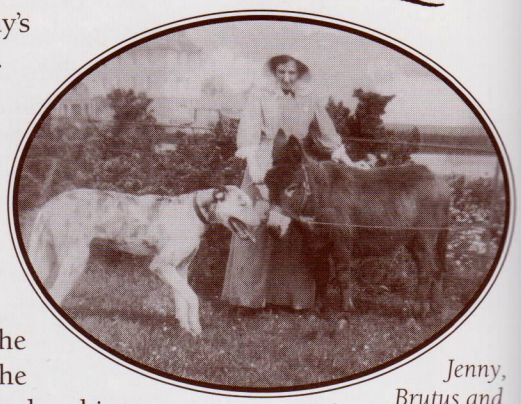
These extracts show the varied activities within the School

"Three cheers! It's hair washing today." (This from the girls). "Oh dear! It's that dreadful hair washing again." (This from Miss Burrows, Matron and Nurse). Mr Holes is to come at 10 o'clock punctually, so we are told, the idea being that we shall all be done in one day if he starts early. Miss Burrows spends hours arranging the list so that we only miss prep. or a practice and not any class and at Prayers she tells us in what order we are to go. All this is skilfully thought out but Mr Holes, greatly to our joy and to the untold disgust of Miss Burrows, arrives half an hour late. Everything is dislocated. About eight girls are waiting in the Lodge sitting room instead of two or three and this number soon increases! Everyone clutches a St Luke, a Geography or a History book, but no one learns anything, for the chance is too good to be lost, and we are all inspired by one idea . . . to make confusion more confounded! At least this is what Miss Burrows says as she tries to disentangle the complications that have arisen by now. The girls are in high good humour; they are missing all the lessons they most dislike and they will have a good excuse for knowing nothing for several weeks to come. Mr Holes on the other hand, generally the mildest of men, is not in the best of tempers, poor soul. Everything has gone wrong today. The water is first too hot, then too cold; the electric light won't switch on; there is a wind which makes the door bang incessantly and the girls are hovering round him and his assistants gape helplessly. At last he is ready to begin and the first victim is offered to appease his wrath. Your turn comes later and when the time arrives you go trembling into the torture chamber. By now, Mr Holes has washed the heads of some thirty or forty girls and he is growing tired and more irritable. He vents his wrath on your helpless head. You either get a shower of cold water down the back of your neck or else the water is so hot that you are roasted alive and can scarcely breathe! When the actual washing is over, you are handed on, more dead than alive, to one of the assistants who scrags your hair through with what is generally known as "the garden rake". She then begins to dry it with the electric heater, which emits the most alarming sounds and you think your last hour has come. At this stage of the proceedings a greasy little book and a stumpy pencil without a point are thrust into your hands and you are asked to inscribe your name. Your hand shakes so much and you are balanced at such an uncomfortable angle that your writing resembles that of a decrepit person. At last your hair is dry, or at least you say it is, and you emerge looking like a cross between Shock Headed Peter and a boiled lobster. You find the passages deserted and an air of quiet pervades the House. A demented Matron is seen in the distance scurrying after some belated victim. This poor creature was not told that her turn had come by the damsels on the list in front of her and Mr Holes has to be kept waiting . . . horrors! She comes flying along, her dressing gown streaming in the breeze and leaving behind a trail of brushes, combs, towels, hair ribbons, slides etc. She is chivvied in like a lamb going to the slaughter and Mr Holes springs upon her with the ferocity of a hungry tiger almost baulked of its lawful prey. The door closes on the unhappy wretch and white lipped, dumb with horror you rush off to relate the ghastly news to everyone you meet. I often wonder why Matron and Nurse do not go raving mad before the day is over, or at all events why they do not appear next morning with snowy locks. If they should get through a hair washing day without giving any order marks, they would more than deserve the D.C.M. but I do not suppose for one moment they will ever be able to earn this coveted decoration!

Laundry Girls

Our Moke

We have a donkey as many people know to their costs. Jenny's appearance is so well known that I won't try to describe her. She lives in Penlands and when the girls play hockey there she says to herself, "I won't have these little squits running about in my domain," and with ears laid back and gleaming teeth she charges and we are scattered to the four winds. But sometimes when she is feeling in a good mood she approaches with a smile(?) on her face and makes friendly overtures. However, whichever way she comes we retreat hastily. Once when she was in a mischievous mood she decided that there was not enough room for her and us on the field, so she majestically stalked out of the gate, down the road and into the next door garden where she rolled in the drive and thoroughly enjoyed herself in full view of the drawing room windows! On another occasion she whisked off to the house at the top of Penland Road and before she was captured had devoured every piece of asparagus in the garden. Just lately she struck up an aquaintance with the donkey at the Beacon and the two of them stand and talk at each other till you wonder they don't strain their vocal chords, but apparently this interchange of brays has no detrimental effect upon our heroine and her friend. A new pony called Lassie has just come and Jenny had to give up her sleeping apartment to this pony and she was tethered for the night in the Cricket Field. This didn't suit her at all so she planned a revenge on us. In the middle of the night we were awakened by a frightful din and looking out of the window with eyes half shut with sleep, we beheld Jenny solemnly kicking her bucket round the field and looking as if she was thoroughly enjoying it. Poor old Jenny! After all she's only a donkey and not the only one at Ancaster House!



Jenny, Brutus and Frances Burrows

Ode to the School Donkey

Mowing the lawns from day till night,
Toiling on when the sun is bright,
Poor old Jenny, the gardener's pride
Pulls the mower with unwilling stride.
Hee aw! Hee aw!
But Jenny must leave us the rumour goes
Much to the pleasure of all her foes,
A rival pony is in her stead
No more we'll hear her when we're in bed.
Hee aw! Hee aw!
So farewell Jenny, good luck to you
May your life be happy, your enemies few,
We'll think of you from day to day
As mower and pony plod their way.
Hee aw! Hee aw!

G Jones and M Burder

FOOD

Buns on Wednesday

Buns as a rule are not at all nice. Personally I loathe them but on a Wednesday you could offer me meringues, paté de fois gras, a marron glacé anything and I would refuse it in favour of the homely bun. Perhaps you do not know the exact qualifications that go to the making of a true bun. There are two important points. First, it should have currants. Secondly, it should be sad in the middle. As a rule any species of currant makes me violently ill and things sad in the middle give me heavy thoughtful pains in my chest, but on Wednesday all is changed. Buns cease to be a pallid lump of gloom and develop a personality strong as any eclair's. The excitement begins immediately after games as you walk up from the Pav. The conversation with your companion is rather strained. You both pass the dining room window

Tea on the Field behind Lodge

with averted head so as not to spoil the first thrilling minute when you behold the Bun. Changing is done in silence and there is a nervous expectancy on every face as you wait for the second gong. The bread and butter stage is got through hurriedly, then comes the fateful minute when you tactfully indicate to your neighbour that you are through that first stage by finishing up both butter and jam. A slight pause follows Then she turns and says with a nonchalant air, "Er . . .will you have a bun?" You turn and look at it in a supercilious way, as if up to that moment you had not given the matter a moment's consideration. "Oh, I think I might as well," you answer, "they look a bit better than usual." She hands the plate to you trying to appear bored but in reality casting furtive anxious glances at the particular one she wants. Ah, wonderful minute!

Your fingers close round it. Hannibal, bringing his army over the Alps did not feel more triumphant. To conceal the indecent satisfaction in your eyes you take a drink, then you slowly begin to eat. Not in large careless bites. Oh no! Neither do you crumble it up in your fingers and waste half the crumbs, but cutting it into small mathematical portions you eat it slowly and thoughtfully. It is rather a wonderful day, this day of the Bun. Before Wednesday had this glamour of romance cast over it, it was an exceptionally prosaic day, worse even than Monday, but now as long as I live the day sacred to great Wodin will suggest nothing to me but a Bun.

The French Table

A time honoured institution at Ancaster House is The French Table. To all outward appearances it is the same as any other table. There is the same-sardines-in-a-tin aspect, the same terrific advantage to people with sharp elbows, the same tendency to upset tumblers and tickle one's nose on the plant that decorates the centre of the cloth. But any stranger could observe the haggard looks of the damsels seated thereat, their frowning brows, gaping mouths, blank expressions or painful earnestness as they grind out laboriously constructed sentences.

Of course there are some linguists who sit up at the end and say,

"Oh, oui, Miss Burrows, Oh, non, Miss Burrows" and such like sparkling phrases with marvellous fluency, but there are others, who have not the easy confidence of the French scholar, and whose modesty compels them to seek a comparatively safe spot in the middle of the table. Their conversation is not all it should be and is more after this style:

BELINDA: "Les vegetables, s'il vous plaît, also les pommes de terre."
JANE: "Pensez vous qu'ils sont les jeus stapraymidi?"
BELINDA: "Je ne sais pas. Ask Marie. Sel, s'il vous plaît."
JANE: "Je hate parler Francais."
BELINDA: "Moi aussi, c'est trés tiring. Savez vous what is "tiring" en francais?"
JANE: "Non. Demandez Mademoiselle." After gallantly struggling to talk French for quite five minutes, they relapse exhaustedly into their native language and are rudely interrupted by Mademoiselle, who hisses or shrieks or murmurs, according to her passing mood: "Belinda et Jane, parlez francais."
Belinda and Jane, in pained and indignant surprise: "Oh, Mademoiselle, mais nous avons parlé francais tout le temps."
BELINDA: "Avez vous vu les little peegs ce trimestre?"
JANE: "Non"
BELINDA: "Il y a deux sweet petits uns. Ils, elles, ils sont.."
JANE: (excitedly) "Quel pudden pensez-vous? Quel pudden aujourd' hui?"
BELINDA: (generously giving up her topic about the peegs) "Je dis c'est ginge. Je l'aime très beaucoup, c'est mon favori, j'aime ginge. Aimez vous, Jane?"
Jane: Non, beaucoup, mais peutêtre c'est non pas ginge, peutêtre c'est cokenut."
BELINDA: "Oh, j'espère pas cokenut. Non, oui, oui Horray! Je suis correct. C'est ginge"
Whereupon they both drown their sorrows in ginger pudding and the heroines who really can talk French are heard saying; "Elle a me dit que je suis un order mark." "Oh, quelle pitié, pauvre vous," and Miss Burrows in despair gets up abruptly and says grace, to the intense relief of everyone, herself included. As they file out of the dining room Belinda, ever the optimist says to Jane," I really am getting on at French, you know. Do you think I'd have any chance of getting an Interpreter's badge at the next Guide affair?" Jane hopefully replies, "Well, it would depend who was awarding the badges, but I should certainly ask. There's no harm in asking."

Based on an article by Joan Beecheno.

Strawberry picking

Things Seen From Ancaster House

Have you seen the bottom field
Covered with clovers white?
Have you seen the rounded weald
Soft in the hazy light?

Have you seen the path of gold
When the bright moon shines on the sea?
Or the last glaring light of the sun grow old
On red roofs of Hastings Quay?

Have you seen the patches of blue
In the cornfield on the left?
And heavy white may which tumbles thro
The hedge, by its colour cleft?

They can all be seen at Ancaster,
The shore, the sea and the sky,
Before the house of Ancaster
All these glories l

P.L

Gate and House, out in the country, with Mrs Burrows

When Miss Burrows comes to read

On certain evenings in the week
When all our work is o'er,
We crowd into the Common Room
And sit upon the floor.

The sofa is reserved for those
Who are of high estate,
The rest of us just rush for chairs
For fear we shall be late.

Miss Burrows comes to read to us
And none of us would miss
The adventures of the hero
And the heroine's first kiss.

Last term it was" the Hidden Road,"
T'was of romantic mind,
It was full of love and longing
And excitement of that kind.

This term it is a tale of War,
Of Diplomats and Traitors,
The hero is an English Spy
Watched by a Hun in Gaiters.

And just as it grows exciting
And your eyes bulge from your head,
The Matron goes and rings the bell
And it's time to go to bed.

And so we are kept waiting
Until another night,
When we rejoin the hero
In his thrilling, breathless plight.

D. Leney and A. Walter

Sewing on the verandah

The Beacon Band

The Beacon Band is marching past.
Hurrah, Hurrah!
Fly to the window, don't be last
The Beacon Band is marching past.

"The Long, Long Trail," sounds loud and clear(?)
Hurrah,Hurrah!
Master in front, boys in the rear,
The Beacon Band is drawing near.

Oh, for the day they'll learn a new air,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
Our school will stand and stare and stare,
When the Beacon Band has got a new air.

In the Easter Term they began this joy,
Hurrah,Hurrah!
The noise they made it did annoy,
For the Beacon Band had no musical boy.

Still, the Beacon Band is better now,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
It almost is a *pleasant row,*
For the Beacon Band is better now.
Hurrah!

From one who complains.

The Nineteen Twenties

In this decade the school continued its expansion. In April 1920 two cottages were built at the far end of the field to house the staff. They cost £2758.10s.10d and, prudent as ever, Miss Burrows built them so that they could easily be separated or demolished if need be.

December 1921. This was a real milestone in educational terms, for in this term there was an inspection by the Board of Education and the school was "Recognized". Here is the article from The Ancastrian which captures the feelings of the time.

Cottages

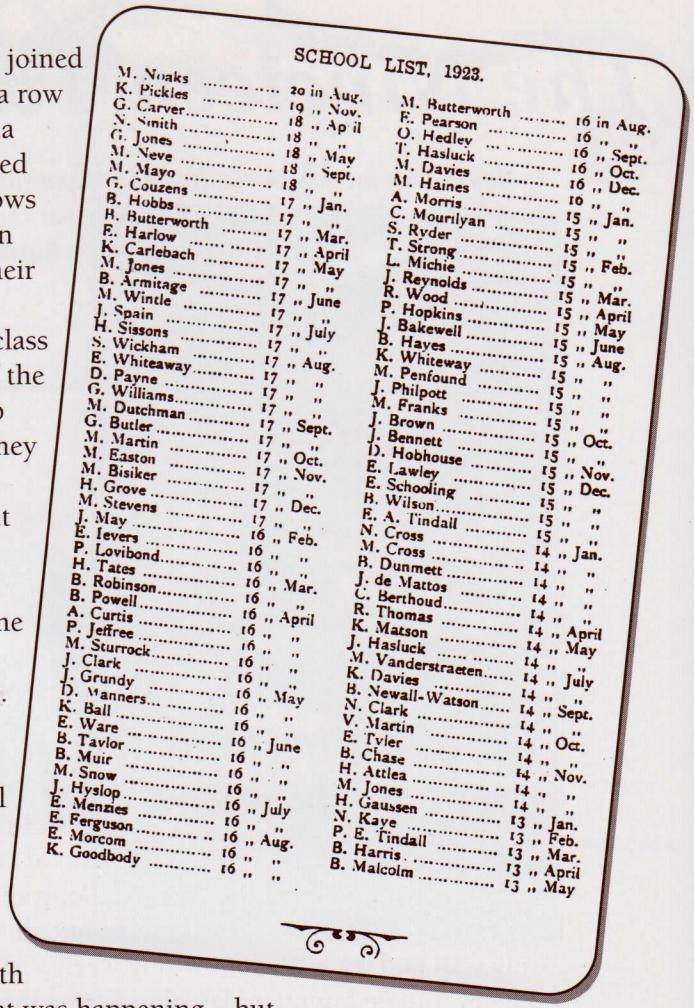
The Inspection by the Board of Education

During the Christmas term the one item of conversation among the frenzied mistresses was the "Board". Long and weary were the days before the arrival of these Dreaded Persons, but all things come to those who only wait and we waited nine long weeks. At last on December 9th,1921, the never to be forgotten day, along came the two "Terrors," only two human beings after all, very kind ones it turned out, but then they were Inspectors I'd have you know, and to us they were "Terrors."

The first morning of their arrival everyone was spick and span, and all arrived terribly early for Prayers, lest there should be a stranger in our midst. All eyes were on the Rec. door, but time went on and no one came, and soon lessons were in full swing. Every footstep heard in the passage was thought to be theirs, and at last in walked Mr Westaway to the trembling, anxious, but ever noble Sixth Form, with their more trembling, anxious but ever noble Geography Mistress! He was very nice to them and from all accounts they fell in love with him at first sight and "everything in the garden was lovely."

Miss Stoker was rather more terrifying. She was constantly turning up at inopportune moments and no one ever heard her coming, for I think she wore carpet slippers! At one time she arrived in the Mistresses' Sitting room when hectic souls were hastily looking back over something like last year's work. She uttered never a word but just smiled and walked away, but one never knew quite how much lay behind that smile! The first day on the whole was rather damping and everyone was glad when 5 o'clock came for we knew that for the night at all events we were safe. The sitting room that evening was a seething mass of agitated individuals, all talking at the same time and no one taking any notice. The one topic seemed to be,"Do you think we've passed?" "No, of course not. The Sixth Form never answered a single thing right from beginning to end!"

The second day came all too quickly, but everyone was up with the lark and ready for the fray. Miss Smith was told off to do sentry duty at the front door, ready to usher in Miss Stoker, who was expected to be in time



SCHOOL LIST, 1923.

M. Noaks	20 in Aug.	M. Butterworth	16 in Aug.
K. Pickles	19 ,, Nov.	E. Pearson	16 ,, ,,
G. Carver	18 ,, April	O. Hedley	16 ,, Sept.
N. Smith	18 ,, ,,	T. Hasluck	16 ,, Oct.
G. Jones	18 ,, May	M. Davies	16 ,, Dec.
M. Neve	18 ,, Sept.	M. Haines	16 ,, ,,
M. Mayo	18 ,, ,,	A. Morris	15 ,, Jan.
G. Couzens	17 ,, Jan.	C. Mourilyan	15 ,, ,,
B. Hobbs	17 ,, ,,	S. Ryder	15 ,, ,,
B. Butterworth	17 ,, Mar.	T. Strong	15 ,, Feb.
E. Harlow	17 ,, April	L. Michie	15 ,, ,,
K. Carlebach	17 ,, May	J. Reynolds	15 ,, Mar.
M. Jones	17 ,, ,,	R. Wood	15 ,, April
B. Armitage	17 ,, June	P. Hopkins	15 ,, May
M. Wintle	17 ,, ,,	J. Bakewell	15 ,, June
J. Spain	17 ,, July	B. Hayes	15 ,, Aug.
H. Sissons	17 ,, ,,	K. Whiteway	15 ,, ,,
S. Wickham	17 ,, Aug.	M. Penfound	15 ,, ,,
E. Whiteaway	17 ,, ,,	J. Philpott	15 ,, ,,
D. Payne	17 ,, ,,	M. Franks	15 ,, ,,
G. Williams	17 ,, ,,	J. Brown	15 ,, Oct.
M. Dutchman	17 ,, Sept.	J. Bennett	15 ,, ,,
G. Butler	17 ,, ,,	D. Hobhouse	15 ,, Nov.
M. Martin	17 ,, Oct.	E. Lawley	15 ,, Dec.
M. Easton	17 ,, Nov.	E. Schooling	15 ,, ,,
M. Bisiker	17 ,, ,,	B. Wilson	15 ,, ,,
H. Grove	17 ,, Dec.	E. A. Tindall	15 ,, ,,
M. Stevens	17 ,, ,,	N. Cross	14 ,, Jan.
J. May	16 ,, Feb.	M. Cross	14 ,, ,,
E. Ievers	16 ,, ,,	B. Dunmett	14 ,, ,,
P. Lovibond	16 ,, ,,	J. de Mattos	14 ,, ,,
H. Tates	16 ,, Mar.	C. Berthoud	14 ,, ,,
B. Robinson	16 ,, ,,	R. Thomas	14 ,, April
B. Powell	16 ,, April	K. Matson	14 ,, May
A. Curtis	16 ,, ,,	J. Hasluck	14 ,, ,,
P. Jeffree	16 ,, ,,	M. Vanderstraeten	14 ,, July
M. Sturrock	16 ,, ,,	K. Davies	14 ,, ,,
J. Clark	16 ,, ,,	B. Newall-Watson	14 ,, Sept.
J. Grundy	16 ,, May	N. Clark	14 ,, ,,
D. Manners	16 ,, ,,	V. Martin	14 ,, Oct.
K. Ball	16 ,, ,,	E. Tyler	14 ,, ,,
E. Ware	16 ,, June	B. Chase	14 ,, Nov.
B. Taylor	16 ,, ,,	H. Attlea	14 ,, ,,
B. Muir	16 ,, ,,	M. Jones	14 ,, ,,
M. Snow	16 ,, ,,	H. Gaussen	13 ,, Jan.
J. Hyslop	16 ,, July	N. Kaye	13 ,, Feb.
E. Menzies	16 ,, ,,	P. E. Tindall	13 ,, Mar.
E. Ferguson	16 ,, Aug.	B. Harris	13 ,, April
E. Morcom	16 ,, ,,	B. Malcolm	13 ,, May
K. Goodbody	16 ,, ,,		

for prayers. She arrived in due course and joined the noble army of mistresses, standing in a row at the side. So anxious were they to make a good impression on her they fairly bellowed forth their Hymn of Praise and Miss Burrows said afterwards she was nearly blown clean through the side window of the Rec. by their combined efforts.

Miss Stoker quietly stole about from one class to another and fairly took the wind out of the sails of the unhappy teachers by taking up the cudgels herself in many cases, while they retired hastily behind the blackboard.

Mr Westaway was so fond of the Sixth that he spent no end of time with them, while his partner went round here there and everywhere, staying for a short space in one place and unnerving other classes by remaining with them for the whole lesson.

Books were the next ordeal. Panting females had to totter to the Drawing Room with huge piles of "corrections," till presently every available table, chair and window seat was piled high with the written work of our young heroines.

Then Miss Burrows was imprisoned in the Drawing Room for two solid hours with Mr Westaway. – We began to wonder what was happening – but presently she came, all smiles as usual, and ran round the house lifting up everyone from the depths of despair, cheering their sad hearts and making them young again with the news that things weren't going so badly.

The last day was yet to come, but everyone was braver now, outwardly at all events, though what they suffered inwardly couldn't be told here. We know one individual kept imbibing water (!!!!) to moisten her parched tongue, which clave to the roof of her mouth in terror.

The last day arrived. Miss Stoker and Mr Westaway spent the greater part of the morning looking at exercise books. They were very pale and wan when they emerged from this task. In the afternoon Miss Stoker inspected the Guide Company and she said she was very pleased with what she saw. Miss Burrows was again captured and spent most of the afternoon with Mr Westaway. At frequent intervals during the last two days both Inspectors shot over to the Gate and we heard from time to time that all was going quite happily over there.

The hour we had been longing for arrived at last: the "Board" was no more. Had you been in the Common Room when the mistresses were having tea that day you would have said they should all have been in a home for imbeciles. You see, they had just heard from Miss Burrows that "practically speaking", we had passed! The doddering old school marms became young again, and all the world was smiling. We let "the young lambs bound as to the tabor's sound," and everyone began to talk of the holidays.

After he left, Mr Westaway wrote a charming letter to Miss Burrows, saying how nice everyone had been and he said that he felt he had made a hundred new friends at Ancaster House. He asked for a holiday for the

girls in honour of his visit. Miss Stoker also wrote in a friendly spirit and we felt very grateful to them both. It has been said quite lately that the "Board" is a curse to modern education. We thought so before we had a visit from them, but now we think very differently! After eleven weeks waiting, the Official Report arrived and both the House and the Gate were "RECOGNIZED" as "efficient". So we are now Ancaster House, recognized by the Board of Education, which lends a great air! It is surely something to be proud of and we *are* proud of it.

G G V

After Inspection

Now that Ancaster House was recognized as Efficient it was entitled to hold the Cambridge Local Examinations under its own roof without a presiding examiner. At the time it was a debatable point as to whether "the girls would not rather keep the hurried meals, rush and scramble, the joyous rides in the open lorry to the examination site and the pleasure of seeing a strange place!" than have the honour of running their own show.

The "Senior" was to be called School Certificate. The standard was considerably higher than before and a pass in a foreign language as well as a Science or Mathematics was essential. Physics and Chemistry were now to become part of the Botany paper!

In December came the Inspectors' Report and it was a very satisfactory one for the school except for Science, as this quotation from the Report shows:

The School has an excellent position on high ground to the north of the town, and the extensive playing fields are in close proximity.

The School accommodation proper includes the necessary number of class rooms, gymnasium, studio, dining hall, a special wing for housecraft, music rooms and all needful minor accommodation. The boarding house is excellent throughout and its equipment and management leave nothing to be desired. The school equipment is, as a whole adequate, but that for science teaching is very poor. Unfortunately there is no laboratory and the Science teaching suffers seriously in consequence.

Miss Burrows hastened to rectify this situation and a new laboratory was built in Lodge in 1922 and this, along with a new wing in Lodge and another storey on the Rec. over the San, cost £1726.2s.3d. Here are extracts from the Ancastrian describing this new venture. Both are written by Miss Burrows.

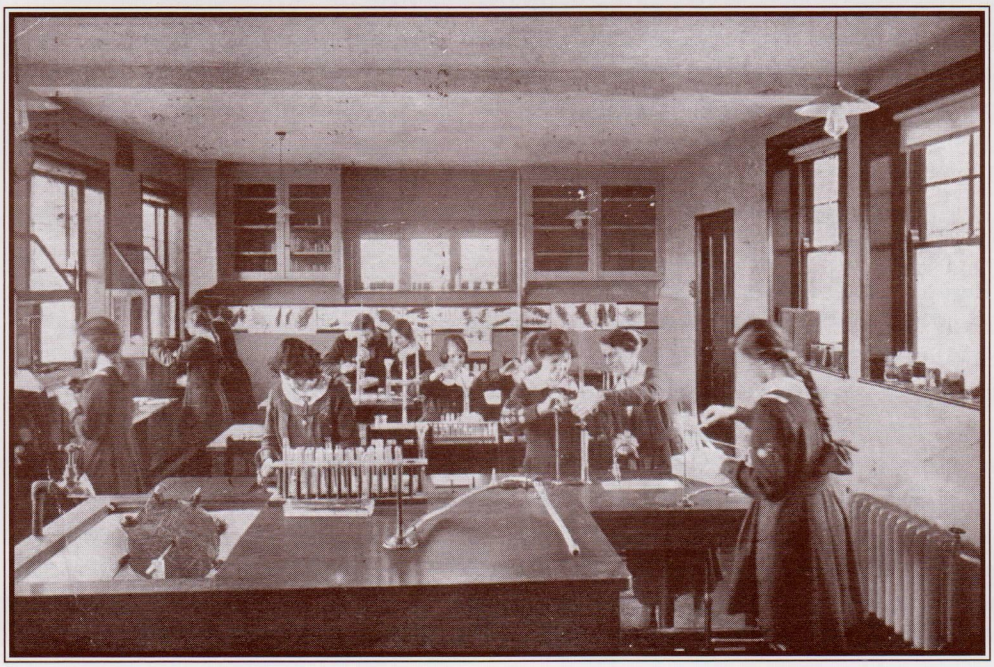
At it Again!

Once more we are bursting forth into building. It is a terrible disease that seems to smite us violently at regular intervals. This time the cause of the eruption is that we want a "Lab." We are calling it a Science Room, because it seems so ambitious to talk of a laboratory. You know the Lodge sitting room and the work room? Well, we are pulling down the wall between those two in order to make a nicer sitting room for the seniors. Walk through this room and out through a door in the *north* wall (now be intelligent and remember that Nazareth lies to the north of A H) and you will be in the "Lab" – Science Room, I mean. It will not be on Court 3, but between the Lodge and the road. It is to have windows on both sides and a small cloak room off it, at right angles to itself,

jutting out towards St Leonards. (I don't believe you've followed that). This will relieve the congestion in the Lodge changing room, and if any other school likes to come and use our Science Room it can come in that way without disturbing us, as there will be an outside door. Above the Lab. will be two senior bedrooms, and over the cloak room there will be a music room or a single bedroom (you never know what size these small rooms will turn out!). You reach these rooms through Miss Stocks' room (it used to be Miss Wade's – No. 12), which is turning into a passage, and there is a staircase somewhere there up to the top storey, where there will be two or three more small bedrooms or one big one.

The New Rooms at Ancaster House

At last the Laboratory is finished! It has been a tremendous job and was by no means ready when term began. It runs along the side of Tennis Court No. 3 and is a continuation, as it were, of the Lodge sitting room and work room, which are now knocked into one. In order to get a good height (for the ceiling had to be on a level with the Lodge sitting room, which is rather low, as that room started life as a small room) the floor is sunk to a couple of feet below the level of the floors of the Lodge. You enter the Lab. through the sitting room (the door is in the north wall of what was the workroom) and find yourself on the teacher's demonstration platform. This has a large bench or table on it, with a huge basin sunk in it, water and gas laid on, of course. To the right of the teacher is a blackboard on the wall, which is in two parts, and moves up and down, so that any particularly choice drawings or diagrams can be kept for days or weeks. To the left is the fume chamber with a pipe to take any ghastly fumes out into the open air and on to the tennis players. In the body of the room, below the platform, are four benches or high solid-looking tables, each with two basins in it and water and gas for the dear little pupils to play about with. (No Marcel waving is allowed in the Lab). The taps turn down into the basins, and lids fit over them so that the benches can become more or less ordinary tables if necessary. There are four windows along the left side of the room, three on the right (and a door



The new Science room in Lodge

into an extra cloak room) and three small ones at the north end. Under the windows on the left side are wide collapsible shelves, on which microscopes can stand, and between the windows, slate slabs for the balances. These little weighing machines are not for registering the weight of Muriel Neve etc. at the beginning and end of the term, but for weighing things like the thousandth part of a grain of salt. The window sills are tiled and have a little round hole under the windows so that the water can run away when Miss Smith or Miss Stiles overwhelms her pet pea or bean with a flood of liquid. Last but not least 16 massive high chairs have been made in order that the earnest seekers after scientific knowledge may not weary their spinal cords while pursuing their researches. These chairs each weigh one ton approximate and have been pronounced "very comfortable."

In 1925 there was yet another extension to the Rec, this time very major. The addition jutted right out beyond the building line and was fitted with twenty four plate glass windows.

View of House and Lodge without extension

Here the extension is very clearly seen

This is what The Ancastrian had to say about the alterations:-
Que'est que c'est que ca? The Crystal Palace? - No! - It is only the Rec. with the most magnificent addition imaginable. You feel as if you are in a wonderful glass house at first and you simply can't imagine how the old Rec. held the whole school. The present room is almost double the size of the old one; the extension goes out into the field over the back drive. There is only a footpath now between the tennis lawn and the windows. There are no fewer than 24 great big plate glass windows. How will they be protected from tennis balls? and all the paint is white so that the effect is very bright and light and spacious. There are radiators at intervals

The New enlarged Rec.

round three sides of the room and seats in between the radiators. Along the south wall of the old part under the three high windows that face the Beacon are six racks of rib stools, on which Miss Gordon tortures her gym classes. There are also two climbing ropes and jumping poles and a mat. In the centre of the room is one white pillar which supports the great big iron girders that were necessary if the whole of the San. and the rooms above were not to come crashing down! The organ is in its old place and on the left hand wall as you go in are a row of Honours Boards, for the School room is full up. There are two pianos: one an old friend to be thumped at dancing on Saturday nights and by sturdy and sometimes jammy fingers on every day in the week, and the other a beautiful new Broadwood, which is used by Miss Price for her musical appreciation classes and will be available for concerts, musical evenings, examinations etc. Last but not least, the curtains are brown, a pretty tobacco shade; they took 75 yards of material and there are 288 rings on them!

The Rec. before the enlargement

The Rec. had always been used for a variety of things but in 1925 it was used for the first time for public examinations as this extract shows.

The Cambridge Examinations

Now that A. H. is recognized by the Board of Education it is entitled to have the Cambridge Exams in the School itself without even being disturbed and terrified by the invasion of a presiding Examiner. This year Miss Burrows took advantage of this privilege, so for the first time our candidates did not have to face the hurried journeys to and from St John's. The Rec. was the room chosen for the scene of action and very imposing it looked when filled with long rows of desks from Alpha and Gamma. There were 27 candidates in all, 14 for the School Certificate and 13 for the Junior and it is to be hoped that the familiar surroundings will have brought them the best of luck.

During the ten days of the exams we had prayers out of doors in front of the Lodge and by the time the Rec. was needed for the end of term festivities, all traces of the disturbance had disappeared. Miss Smith, Miss Taylor and Miss Read undertook the invigilation and two of them were present during each exam. Miss Smith also dealt with the secretarial work and this kept her so well occupied that she almost felt as if she had done the exams herself by the end. Great indeed was the excitement caused by the appearance of a mistress in a cap and gown as it was the first time many Ancastrians had seen such a costume and cameras were much in evidence during the first few days. The new arrangement was particularly satisfactory this year, as the exams began during the heat wave when it was a great advantage to spend the time between the papers quietly at Ancaster House. It is not to be supposed, however, that all the candidates appreciated their good fortune, for no doubt there were those who thought very longingly of the famous rides to St John's in the motor lorry enjoyed by their predecessors and of the cheers amid which they drove off to face their trials, with cameras pointing from every direction. It is always a little sad to say goodbye to the old customs, however great the improvements may be.

Borodale

In 1926 Mrs Burrows handed over the running of Ancaster Gate to Miss Fletcher and Miss Mabel and in 1927 she went to live at Borodale, the house she had had built for her retirement. In September 1928 another new venture was started when the House system was introduced.
Red for Florence, Purple for Rome and Blue for Venice.

1923

The Old Girls' Week-end

June 17 - 20, 1921

Shortly before the Summer Half-term, a number of Old Girls received invitations to spend the holiday week-end at Ancaster House. In order to accommodate the guests, special permission was given to the present girls to spend the week-end with their relations. The majority of the Old Girls arrived on Friday, June 17th, and were delighted to be met at the station by Miss Burrows. *(N.B. – To be sure of arriving in plenty of time and anticipating disaster, one Old Girl arrived on her motor bike 24 hours too early!)*

On arriving at the School, Mrs. Burrows was waiting to welcome one and all. Saturday went by all too soon. The morning was spent in playing a Cricket Match against the School 1st XI – and sad to relate, the Old Girls were beaten.Throughout the afternoon and evening three thrilling Tennis Tournaments were played off, the winners receiving a box of chocolates each. The next surprise was a visit to the Pavilion, where old and young were reduced to a state of suppressed(?) mirth by an excellent Concert Party. The following day being Sunday, the Old Girls were left to their own devices. Many chose bathing, and in spite of the cold water, thoroughly enjoyed it. In the afternoon the ever-popular Colonnade was besieged by Ancastrians, past and present.

Monday was a sad but jolly day – sad because the week-end was nearly over – jolly because we were going for a picnic at Camber.

After an early breakfast we started for our excursion at 9 o'clock; there were three charabanes to motor us to Rye. We broke our journey at Winchelsea, spending about ten minutes looking at places of interest. On reaching Rye we found that there were no trains till a rather late hour, so we walked to Camber : owing to time, and as we were all so hungry, it was decided to stay where we were and have lunch. After having finished lunch some of the present girls were ferried across the river to buy drinks, much to the delight of the ferryman who must have "done" well. At about 2.30 we all went back to Rye, as a charabane had been ordered to convey Mrs. Burrows and the Old Girls back to Bexhill. Miss Burrows and the present girls saw us off from Rye, and so ended one of the jolliest of Half-Term Week-ends. We had all enjoyed ourselves tremendously; it was a great pleasure seeing Mrs. and Miss Burrows again, and the old school looking just as nice as ever.

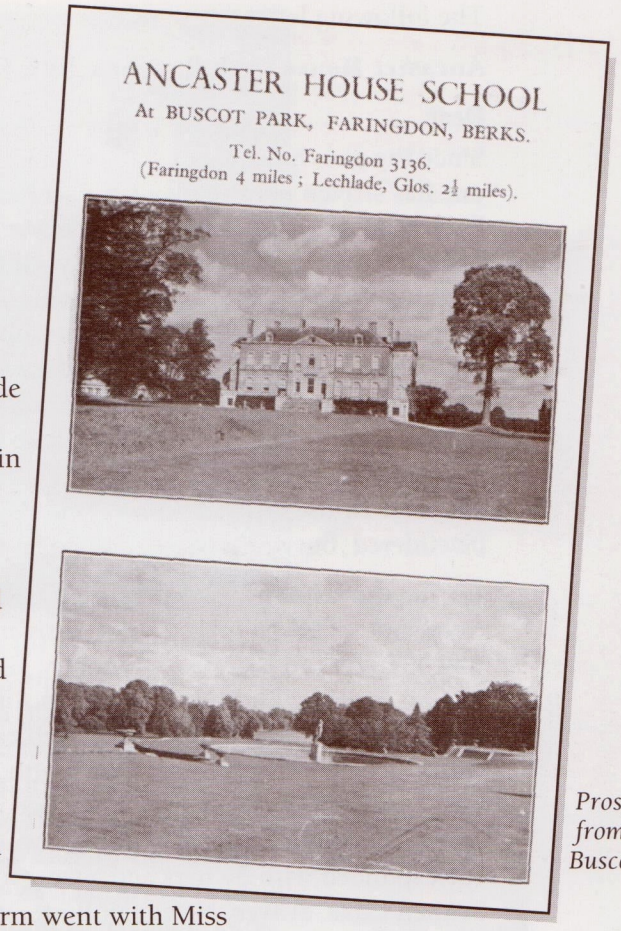
An Old Girl.

An Old Girls' Reunion

The Nineteen Thirties

In 1936 Ancaster House was 30 years old. These photographs show the celebrations.

The War Years 1939 - 1945


ANCASTER HOUSE SCHOOL
At BUSCOT PARK, FARINGDON, BERKS.
Tel. No. Faringdon 3136.
(Faringdon 4 miles ; Lechlade, Glos. 2½ miles).

Prospectus from Buscot

The Autumn term of 1939 started three weeks early with about a third of the school back, perhaps through a sub-conscious desire to be together. Numbers had grown, for sisters and cousins also returned, and those under ten made up half the school!

At first Miss Burrows kept the school together in Bexhill. A steel shelter known to the girls as Buckingham Palace was put up on the western edge of Ancaster Gate grounds. It was fully equipped with electricity, cooking facilities and furniture, but in the event was only used for practice. However, when the Germans captured the Continental Channel Ports, Miss Burrows decided to evacuate the school, but she was determined to find the right place for her girls and would not be panicked into an unsuitable move. As a temporary measure for the Autumn Term of 1940, the school was divided into four. The School Certificate Class and Sixth Form went with Miss Macpherson to Shifnal in Shropshire, to the home of Mrs Kenyon Slaney and her son. The girls slept on camp beds on lilos at the back of the house, Hatton Grange. A spacious cricket pavilion in the grounds served as a class room for the twenty four girls. They did their exams here too and all passed!

The Middle School under Miss Bussell went to St Peter's School in Topsham, Devon. They slept in large dormitories with running water, did lessons in the morning and played games in the afternoon. The Juniors went to Leeson House in Swanage, Dorset with Miss Marshall and the Gate were housed for the whole of the war at Pembury Grove, Penn, Buckinghamshire.

Three day girls were left behind in Bexhill and were joined by four Winceby House girls who had not been evacuated. All groups of girls met discomfort or disruption but all seemed to have settled remarkably well and to have only partially looked forward to their next move Buscot Park, the home of Lord Faringdon in Berkshire.

A lesson in the converted wash house

Miss Burrows meanwhile was commuting between the four sites as well as keeping an eye on the Bexhill school. The building was eventually requisitioned by the War Department, guns were emplaced there and sheep grazed the field. Only the gardener continued, this time managing the vegetable garden. Besides visiting all the sites, Miss Burrows was travelling the country to find premises suitable for her school.

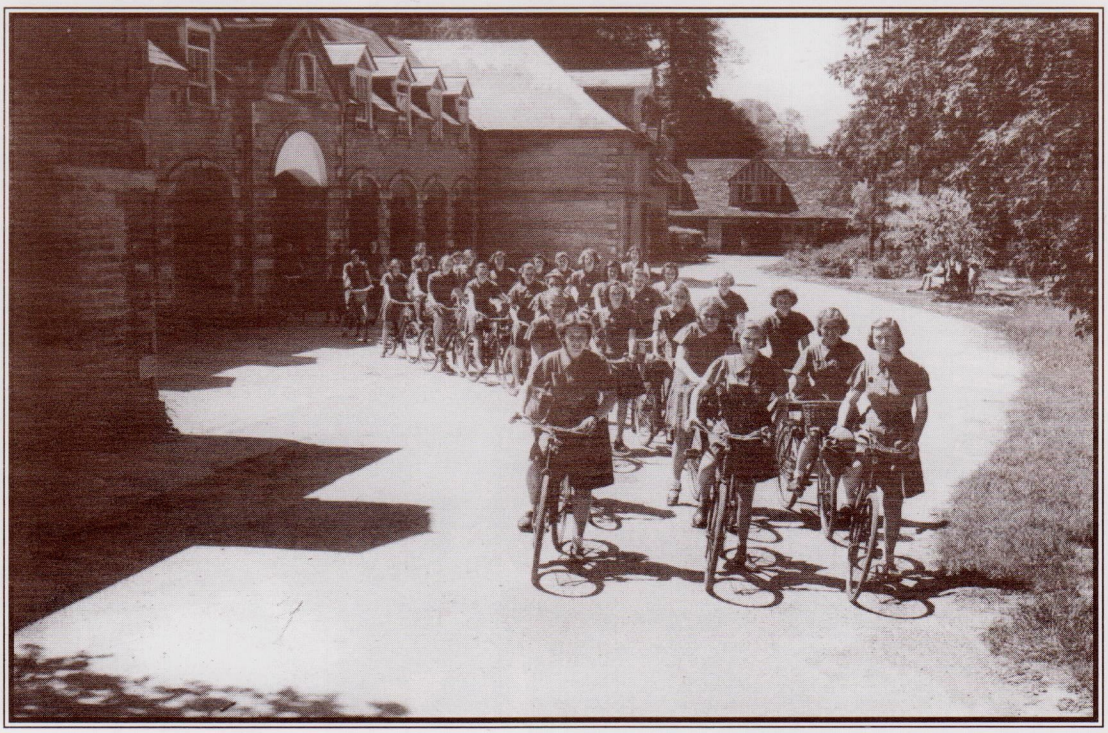
The following letter, written by her to parents, explains all.

Ancaster House Bexhill on Sea 30th June 1940,

Dear . . . . . .

Since the girls have been established in their new homes I know that each one has striven hard to play her part cheerfully and well. I hear from Miss Bussell, Miss Macpherson and Miss Marshall how responsive, friendly and helpful all the girls have been. I myself have had some most amusing accounts from them of their experiences and was able to spend a very cheerful week end with the seniors when up in Shropshire on my peregrinations. I have still to look forward to my visits to Topsham and Langton Matravers. I miss the girls and the staff too, more than tongue can tell but I feel that I can best serve them and you, at the moment, by arranging for the new home in which the school will reunite in September. Ancaster House itself looks and sounds and feels lonely, desolate and bewildered, but one day we shall be back there again.

During the last four weeks I have searched England and Wales for the right spot and even turned over in my mind the question of Scotland, for I was offered Lord Inchcape's property, Glenapp Castle but I discarded it for various reasons. I have been as far as Anglesey in the flesh and as far as Land's End on paper; I have inspected castles and mansions and hotels with the help of the faithful Miss Smith, who crawled about innumerable floors measuring rooms, which seemed always to be either the size of a tennis court or alternatively of a pre war postage stamp. I have corresponded with owners and agents too numerous to be remembered. Sennen Cove, St Ives, Newquay, Bude, Woollacombe and Ilfracombe have all been investigated by me. However, although there is much that appeals in that lovely part of the world, I have decided not to be anywhere on the coast, even though parts of it are doubtless quite safe. I have combed Shropshire and Hereford but found no house that was really big enough for us all, if you continue to support us by keeping your girl with us and by sending your friends' daughters as opportunity arises. The chief difficulty in these premises has been the inadequate number of baths and



Bicycles became an important feature of life at Buscot

lavatories, to say nothing of small single rooms for my loyal and hard working Mistresses and Matrons, Housekeepers and Secretary. Finally, I have decided upon Lord Faringdon's beautiful place, Buscot Park. It is in the heart of the country but not very far off and this is one of the reasons why I think you will like it. It seems to me that, in these anxious days, it is a mistake for a school to be too inaccessible and that parents must be able to feel that they can see or reach their children without insuperable difficulties. Buscot stands in the extreme north-west corner of Berkshire, on the Gloucestershire borders. The nearest station is Lechlade, Glos. (3 miles) but it can be reached from Faringdon (4 miles) or Challow (11 miles). In an emergency one could drive to Oxford or Swindon, which have good train services but are at some considerable distance, for which we are glad from a certain point of view. The village of Buscot which is a long mile from the Park, has a church, a Rural Dean, a village cricket club, complete with a good field and pavilion, a sweet shop and a Post Office. There seemed to be a village inn but I had no opportunity of investigating its intriguing possibilities. I have been told of three good doctors and surgeons at Faringdon, where there is a Cottage Hospital.

Now for the mansion itself. The present Lord Faringdon has spent a great deal of money upon it and has modernised it in the best of taste. All the work that he has done upon it may be described as really beautiful. I have recently read descriptions of properties that have caused me to become very doubtful of my own interpretation of the English language. It is absolutely the truth, however, that this is "a very well appointed stone built mansion, dating from 1780, seated in a Park and containing the following: 18 best bedrooms, 17 best bathrooms, 22 secondary bedrooms, 4 Staff bathrooms." I think there are about 27 lavatories but I rather lost count of these.

To resume: "Reception rooms, a hall, music room, sitting room, library, salon and billiards room. All up to date conveniences are fitted, including central heating, electric light and telephones with extensions." In addition to all this, there are in the stables what might be described as a tenants dining room, for festive gatherings of various kinds, which can be used by us as a classroom, and two ex wash houses with sinks etc. which will be admirable for a Lab. and for "messy" classes. There is also, in the main building, a very good servants hall which should make another classroom

and, with heavy shutters, a good air raid shelter. To continue the agents description: "There are beautifully maintained gardens with two hard tennis courts and in addition three lakes, the whole being surrounded by the Park." I was told that there was a spell of six weeks wonderful skating during the severe weather last winter. What is very important from my point of view is that Lord Faringdon will keep up the grounds and the expense of this is included in the rent. This is, of course, very heavy but not unduly so when one considers what he is undertaking. Now we come to the piece de resistance, a squash court, a swimming pool and a theatre! You may think that I am wrong in valuing what appear, at first sight, to be unnecessary luxuries in war time, I feel very strongly, however, that if they are to be kept healthy and fit in mind and body, while in the heart of the country, the girls must have something to take the place of the sea and the playing fields and the inter-school matches that mean so much to them at Bexhill. Inevitably, and quite rightly, we shall all have to forego many things that we thought were necessities and many small "treats" that gladden the heart of a child. I know, too, that the girls will be feeling keenly, in these dark and anxious days, the sorrows and sufferings of the whole of humanity and particularly of those they love. It will, therefore, do them good if they can concentrate, at times, upon getting up simple, yet worth while dramatic entertainments in the beautiful little miniature theatre at Buscot. If they can get turns at the squash court during the winter and enjoy the swimming pool in the summer, they should keep cheery and well. Incidentally, there is a field that is quite suitable for hockey and lawns upon which we can put grass courts in the summer. I am sure that I shall be able to find a place for netball. There need be no fear, in any one's mind, that the girls will develop, in these beautiful surroundings, a love of luxury. In many ways, we shall be leading the simple life and all will take some small share in the work of the house and of the gardens, if Lord Faringdon's staff permit this. All of us can weed paths for instance, even if we are not expert gardeners.
To turn to more prosaic matters. Nothing is decided as yet about the date for the beginning of next term. I know, however, that it would not be

Digging for Victory?

suitable for some of our girls to return to their homes this summer. My proposal is to gather up a holiday party of those who are really in serious difficulty at St Peter's at New Court, Topsham, Devon. Miss Millard is prepared to stay to look after them and give them a happy time and my cousin, Mrs Mannock, may be able, with her own boy, to join them. If not, some other member of our Staff would do so. There would, of course, be no lessons and meals and plans for the day would be as different as possible from term time. It will help me very much if you will let me know at once whether it is quite impossible for you to make your own arrangements for the holidays. The charge at St Peter's would be three guineas a week or two and a half guineas if there were two or more children of one family.

I should also be grateful if you would give me your views on the date for the beginning of next term. If we break up on Thursday, July 25th, the normal date for re-opening would be Thursday, September 19th. Should the majority of parents wish us to begin on September 12th or even the 5th, I am afraid that I should be obliged to charge you a sum that would be in proportion to the extra length of the term. It is hard enough to make the money go round during a long term, as it is, and one can only face, with confidence, a 13 week term in the Autumn if it is to be followed by an 11 week term in the Spring. I hope you will not consider me to be a money grabber. I do not expect, nor wish, to make a profit in war time, but hope to keep our heads above water so that we can return to A.H. after the war and start again in the place that holds such happy memories for us all. Some parents have already sent me a contribution towards the expense of the move, others have asked me what sum would be suitable. If I were to say £5 a head, which would be less than many schools are asking, that might be too heavy a burden, especially when there are two sisters in a family. I shall, therefore, ask you to add an optional sum to the small account that you will shortly receive for the out of pocket expenses for May and June. Forgive this letter for being so long, but there has been so much to say. Thank you very much for the encouragement that you have given, throughout this month, to my Staff and myself".

With kindest remembrances.

Yours . . . . .

When Buscot had been chosen, the actual removal of goods and chattels became a tour de force, but Miss Burrows managed, even cajoling the girls into bringing marmalade because the Housekeeper had forgotten to order any!
School life at Buscot was both similar and different from that at Bexhill. The use of bicycles and doing gardening were obvious additions. The school became very involved with the local community, W.I. and Church but other things remained typically Ancastrian - sport, amateur theatricals, outings and examinations.

The Return to Bexhill

When it was time to return to Bexhill much needed to be done to the old building. All except the Rec. was redecorated and the field re-sown and turned into tennis courts.

Miss Burrows' letter is again revealing of feelings of the time' November 1945

My Dear Ancastrians,
Here we are, Home at last, once more in dear old A.H. A good many of you saw my notice in the personal column of The Times. I know, because it evoked sympathetic letters and, on the first day of term, many very sweet telegrams, which were much appreciated by us all.
It ran as follows: "Ancaster House School, Bexhill on Sea, struggling to be ready for 26th September, wishes to thank all those who showed so much kindness to its members during the five years at Buscot Park." Well, it has been a struggle, but the pleasure and admiration expressed by those who have seen the old School looking so spick and span, have rewarded those who have worked so hard down here since last January, notably Miss Smith first and then Miss Stiles, both nobly aided by Miss Colston and those who, after a strenuous term at Buscot, gave up the greater part of their summer holiday, either at Buscot packing up, or down here receiving the fifteen van loads, on different days, of furniture and equipment.
Of these, our gallant ally, Mlle Chalmel and Miss Hayward performed prodigies of valour, but it would be invidious to mention more names when so much was done by all our loyal friends on the staff, both old stagers and newcomers. The last days at Buscot were rather sad and wistful, the final scene being Miss Smith and myself eating in the deserted kitchen the eggs, mushrooms and blackberries given us by our friends in the village. Everything had been packed up and sent away, except a couple of cups and a minute saucepan, plates, an odd knife and fork, a spoon or two and, of course, a teapot! Lord Faringdon's possessions were far too exquisite for us to touch them and, anyhow, the inventory had been taken. I slept gingerly on one of his elegant beds and Miss Smith on the Library sofa. We drove off next day. Our last sight of the village was some fellow members of the W.I. throwing their shoes after us, and the children eating the last of the chocolate biscuits, which have been a feature of their lives since we went to Buscot. We are longing for the day when you will all come to visit us, but don't come yet! It is as much as we can do to get the wheels revolving and to keep them going more or less smoothly. By and by we hope to invite you all. Till then you are constantly in our thoughts and we are in yours, I know.

Yours affectionately,

Frances Burrows.

The School in 1946, back at Ancaster House

Changes

In its years of exile, Ancaster House had grown and many girls who came to the Bexhill site in 1945 had never been there before. There had been 103 girls at Buscot. By October 1946 there were 160 and the school was fully booked until 1951. Even as early as 1944 Miss Burrows had been considering how to accommodate this growing school and so she had begun negotiations with Mr Rawson who owned the Beacon. He wanted £8,500 but in the end the school Council paid £8,250 but had to wait for it to be de-requisitioned.
Also bought at this time was Devonshire House, now called the Gate, itself like Beacon, a Boys' Prep. School before the war. It was the School

Beacon and Terrace

Council which bought these two premises, for during 1944 Ancaster House had become a Public School and as such the Burrows family could no longer hold shares in the company. They had been bought out by the new School Council and in future all profits had to be ploughed back into the school. However, Miss Burrows did put up the money for Beacon as a loan, the Council being for the moment very short of ready money!

Another thing that had changed during the Buscot days was the school crest and motto. Here is an extract from the Ancastrian Leaflet explaining why it was thought necessary to change. How very far seeing Miss Burrows was!
"One day, the name of Burrows will no longer be linked with the school, except as a memory, so that perhaps you might like the Burrows' Crest and motto to be closely associated with it. The crest is a Falcon, rising - an emblem of hope".

And So the School went on . . .

The final chapter for Miss Burrows began when she had to face the idea of handing over HER school to someone else to run. Of course it would have to be someone who would carry on her traditions and understand the ways of the school and its thinking. She finally found Miss Foxworthy and in 1953 handed over the title of Head Mistress and became instead "The Warden", still dominant on the School Council and still very much at the heart of school affairs.

Main Events in the History of the School

1898	Ancaster House Boys' Prep. School opened
1906	The Boys' School became a Girls' Boarding school run by Mrs and Miss Burrows.
1913	Lodge and Lodge Arch built
1917	Ancaster Gate opened
1920	Cottages built
1921	The School was recognized by the Board of Education.
1927	21st birthday
1930	Domestic Science wing built onto Lodge.
1933	Death of Mrs Burrows
1940-1945	School evacuated to Buscot Park
1944	School became a Public School
1945	Beacon and Devonshire Houses bought
1953	Miss Foxworthy as Head and Miss Burrows as Warden
1955	Lodge wing classrooms built
1961	Beacon wing built
1963	Death of Miss Burrows
1966	Open air swimming pool built
1966	Death of Miss Foxworthy
1966	Miss Sharples as Head
1966	Diamond Jubilee
1968	Science wing added
1973	Burrows Hall built
1978	Mrs Grattidge as Head
1981	New Gate opened in Devonshire House
1981	Seventy Fifth birthday
1986	Mrs Chapman as Head
1986	Eightieth birthday
1986	Merger with Charters Towers School
1988	Joined the GPDST
1989	Indoor swimming pool built
1990	Mrs Lewis as Head
1995	School closure